FIFTEEN CENTS

New MASSES

French Reaction Runs Amok

A Cable from Paris

ELLIOT PAUL

Who Is This Daladier?

J. CHARLES BAURY

Norman Thomas: Defeatist

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

It Comes on Cat's Feet

GRACE HUTCHINS

Mark Sullivan's Creative Memory

A Review by

HARRY B. HENDERSON, JR.

Why Are Books Expensive?

Four Letters by

MICHAEL GOLD

HENRY HART

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.

VICTOR SKLAIRE

Cartoons by Gropper, Reinhardt and Others

ON THE COVER

Edouard Daladier

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DEC. 13, 1938

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Between Ourselves

BEFORE we continue the life of Count Basie, there are two big developments to record in the plans of the concert *From Spirituals to Swing*. First, John Hammond, producer of the program, has just departed for the South Carolina hill country, to spend a week searching for unknown musical talent among the Negro people of the region. Mr. Hammond is especially interested in finding jug blowers, harmonica blues players, and washboard virtuosi to present their exciting and original art to the Carnegie Hall audience, December 23. Second, the one man in all jazz who represents an unbroken line of mastery from pre-New Orleans jazz to 1938 swing, sixty-year-old Sidney Bechét, will appear at the concert. Bechét plays the clarinet and the soprano saxophone with such vigorous, hot intonation that he is rated by Hugues Panassie, the French critic, as one of the three greatest living jazz artists.

We left Bill Basie in Kansas City in 1927, when he joined Bennie Moten's band. Bennie Moten and Fletcher Henderson were the big names in hot music at the period. Both men changed their personnel often so that over a range of time their musical importance fluctuated from nothing to the very finest of contemporary music. As a pianist with Moten, Bill Basie became famous in the small circle of jazz cognescenti for his performances on the records, "Moten Swing" and "Toby." He played off and on with Moten until the leader's death in 1934, when Basie stepped naturally into the leadership of the band and the orchestra took his name. About this time his many followers in Kansas City began referring to him as "the count," in that natural recognition of jazz genius that finds its expression in titles of nobility. This was the way Ellington became a duke and Benny Goodman a king. Basie's band played in Kansas City's Reno Club where his present reputation began to grow. An experimental radio station in Kansas City, W9XBY, began to broadcast Basie's music from the Reno Club and the happy fact that this Station has a peculiarly clear, piercing signal allowed Basie's music to be heard by hot fans in the East. John Hammond, who had long been acquainted with Basie's ability was among the most enthusiastic of the nocturnal listeners at the radio. One night Hammond introduced Benny Goodman to the W9XBY broadcast and from that audition came Basie's big chance. Hammond and the "king of swing" persuaded Willard Alexander of the Musical Corp. of America, one of the largest orchestra brokerages in the country, to take a look at their discovery. The three caught the first plane to Kansas City. Bate your breath for next week's enthralling installment.

Individuals and organizations who are planning parties during the Christmas season can arrange through NEW MASSES for entertainment by the artists appearing in *From Spirituals to Swing*.

The NEW MASSES Ball—candidly, it was colossal. More people and more music by the Savoy Sultans than there's been since Art Young held a party on top of the Washington Arch.

Almost as vexatious as the problem of what to give Aunt Jenny for Christmas is the question of what to do on New Year's Eve. There's no use watching the clock all evening when you can still get tickets for NEW MASSES' theater party on that evening, for the performance of Irwin Shaw's new Group Theater production of *Gentle People*. Franchot Tone and Sylvia Sidney join Sam Jaffe back on Broadway for this occasion. Let us know how many seats you wish.

Michael Gold, whose association with NEW MASSES has been long and honorable, will go on a speaking tour for us during the month of January. His complete itinerary is not definite as yet, but it is certain to include Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and other Eastern and Midwestern cities. Groups and organizations in those or other cities wishing to have Michael Gold appear before their memberships should communicate with this office.

Ione Robinson, American artist whose first-hand accounts of the anti-Semitic persecutions in Germany were widely published in the press, writes:

"After some months in republican Spain it was my fortune to be in Berlin during the height of the anti-Semitic persecution. The convulsions that are shaking Europe elsewhere tend to crowd out of the first pages the central fact we must never lose sight of—that in Spain, now as for the past twenty-eight months, the major war between democracy and fascism is being fought. Since my return I have been receiving some beautiful and moving letters from Spain, and I would like to see published in NEW MASSES a portion of the latest one, which arrived only yesterday. It is from B. F. Osorio-Tafall, commissar general of war.

"'Today throughout the world there is growing, more than ever before, a human consciousness and dignity. This helps us despite all hypocrisy to continue fighting, not only to make ourselves free, but to show to the world by our immortal struggle the only path that will lead to freedom.

"'You have seen the true Spain, its women and its children, soldiers and workers. You know the sacrifices and their worries, you take away with you the knowledge of our unbreakable decision to continue to victory.

"'You as an American artist, who came to Spain to work for my people, have made me understand more than ever before that it is the common destiny of all who believe in peace, democracy, and human understanding, to continue their work for the victory of the Spanish people.'"

Who's Who

ELLIOT PAUL is a well known writer whose works include *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town*, *Concert Pitch*, and a book on Spain which he has written in collaboration with Luis Quintanilla, Jay Allen, and Ernest Hemingway, to be published next month. . . . J. Charles Baury has served in Paris as an American newspaper correspondent for eight years. For the past twenty years he has been making frequent visits to France. . . . Grace Hutchins is on the editorial staff of the Labor Research Association. . . . William Z. Foster is national chairman of the Communist Party, U. S. A. . . . Mario Michele's writings have appeared in the *New Republic* and other periodicals. . . . Harry B. Henderson, Jr., is a Philadelphia newspaper man at present engaged in writing a book of biographical studies of prominent reactionaries who were once liberals. Mark Sullivan is, of course, one of his subjects. . . . Arnold Shukotoff is a member of the English Department at the City College of New York. . . . J. Roland is an economist attached to the Labor Research Association.

Flashbacks

THE *Saturday Evening Post*, which this week acknowledges the power of the organized unemployed, does not call for nationwide observance of the seventh anniversary of the first Hunger March. However, on Dec. 7, 1931, Herbert Benjamin, then as now a leader of the jobless, led 1,670 workers to Capitol Hill where Congress was assembling. The Hunger Marchers, though surrounded by a great array of armed force, presented demands for relief and unemployment insurance, thus laying the basis for the present WPA and the Social Security Act. . . . Nor will there be any celebration this week in fascist Spain of another event of seven years' standing. The constitution of the Spanish republic was adopted and proclaimed on Dec. 10, 1931, by the Constitutional Cortes.

THIS WEEK

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French Reaction Runs Amok

Labor Stymies Daladier's "Three-Year Plan"

ELLIOT PAUL

Paris, December 5 (By Cable).

THE highlight of the French crisis is the employers' ruthless counter-attack on the workers. A brutal attempt is being made to wipe out the unions, blacklist the strikers, and starve their dependents. A million have been locked out or fired, the marine workers are seething, munitions and arms plants are closed or crippled, and other industries affected are the mines, metals, textiles, coal, shipcraft, chemicals, quarries, shoes and leather, paper, and building. Mobile Guards slug and the courts jail workers without any pretext. Daladier, the baker's son, labeled "left," leads the anti-union crusade, courting the reactionaries for his "three-year plan."

The pattern of the general strike is deceptive because the semi-starved civil-service workers were threatened with court martial and destitution and were bullied into running trains, buses, etc. The world's most corrupt press went off the deep end and declared the epoch-making strike was a fiasco, Daladier chiming in with radio soundoffs. The big employers have lapped up this pollyanna bushwa gleefully and launched a persecution, in the erroneous belief that the CGT was finished. On Thursday there began the most savage anti-labor onslaught since the bloody aftermath of the Commune. Functionaries, from a thirty-cents-a-day streetsweeper to Nobel-crowned professors, are railed at and canned, then France's would-be führer points to the Blum law permitting employers to fire strikers who have not tried arbitration before walking out. The carte-blanche blacklist is cloaked with pious hypocrisy about upholding the terms of collective agreements. Labor has been smacked with the juiciest Judas-kiss in a century. But the output of Arabian perfume is inadequate. They discharge strikers but have to give incoming strikebreakers the full benefit of the People's Front victories—or else.

The wholesale anti-union sockfest goes on from border to border. Labor is resisting valiantly, as witness the prime example of the prize ship *Normandie*. The unions are feeding the jobless, who have jumped from about 400,000 to approximately 1,500,000.

The fear and hatred which the pundits bear toward the workers is staggering. Despite the pooh-poohing of the press, the labor-baiting field day is outside the limelight of hot news. Daladier has with the utmost reluctance given up hope of railroading through his three-year plan without a Parliamentary vote and has convoked the Chamber for December 8 rather than encounter Mussolini and Hitler again. But the showdown cannot be dodged. The strike which the reactionaries have branded a fiasco has shaken the country to its roots and put the government on the spot—and how.

Chamberlain's plea in behalf of Franco has been stymied. On the eve of his arrival, Daladier's Finance Committee okayed the decree laws by a margin of only two votes, with five of the premier's party men abstaining. This slap in the face softened Daladier and the street-boos frosted Chamberlain. The gutless Munich stooges postponed their sellout of Spain, also their colonial handout. "What about building bombers?" Edouard asked. Neville hid behind his umbrella. The moment is unpropitious for deals and for the Ribbentrop amity trip. The police's anti-booing technique is being jazzed up for the Nazi dove of peace. However, the Franco-Nazi pact, unfurled without newsreels, is spoiling the sleep of the upper-class Britons. On the reprisal day, December 1, while a million Frenchmen were being thrown out of their jobs, France's Ethiopia-approving ambassador to Rome, still smelling of Berlin kraut, was entertained by Italian fascists clamoring for Tunisia, Corsica, Savoy, and the French Riviera. The uproar was cunningly timed. Italy probably will settle, perhaps by getting out of Spain, for the gift of Tunisia. England is sold on the plan, but France is unenthusiastic, because Tunisia practically belongs to France.

The rightists' agitation to dissolve the Communist Party has redoubled. They cannot do it. The sappers of the Franco-Soviet Pact are assiduous.

The truth about the general strike was cleared up briskly, notwithstanding Daladier's lamentable radio hooey. The workers in heavy industry responded nobly and tied up manufacturing everywhere. The CGT made a stout showing in Paris' industrial suburbs, where the shopkeepers aided them. The press deprecators estimated the number of strikers at a quarter-million, but now admit that a million strikers have already been fired. The CGT membership is five million, including two million civil-service workers who were overpowered by intimidation. The odds were too great. The average public employee is paid $1.10 a day and has a family of four. The gains made by the industrial unions under the People's Front did not affect them greatly. Also, the railroad and public-service requisitioning put public employees in danger of court martial, and the army aristocrats detest the workers.

The strike was planned as a legal, orderly protest against the three-year plan. Daladier, having lost the support of the left, made a battle out of the strike to solicit rightist support. A sample of the premier's radio oratory: "This historic day bespeaks the will of the country to assure the salvation of France." The next day Daladier, who had been bellowing for the safety of French national defense since April, ditched the speedup in armaments and closed the government plants to weed out the unionists. The official bleat that the strike had been engineered in Moscow was too fishy for the populace to believe. Even the bourgeoisie guffawed.

The three-year plan which brought on the crisis socks a 2 percent tax boost on incomes of 30 cents a day or higher. The left press insists that in the upper-bracket incomes of $150,000 (not francs), taxes have been reduced by $12,000. Prices on tobacco, postage, gasoline, etc., have been jazzed up. The joker, forcing labor to fight or quit, permitted national-defense industrialists to increase work hours indefinitely with extra pay for overtime cut from 60 to 10 percent. The opening move was a sabotage campaign against Popular Front achievements, labor leaders declared. How right they were the sadistic employers proved the day after the strike.

Daladier is the leader of the grotesquely titled Radical Socialist Party. It is a center party, windwobbling stiffly leftward, nimbly rightward. Daladier got his leadership by left-wing chin music at Herriot's expense. The Chamber parties from left to right are as follows: Communists — seventy-two; Socialists — 148; Socialist Republican Union — twenty-nine; Independent Left — twenty-six; Radical Socialists—149. The foregoing are erstwhile Popular Fronters. The Right parties, from camouflaged moderates to royalists, total two hundred, the largest of them having forty-eight members. The total in the Chamber is 618. The same body okayed Munich, with only the Communists saying no to the glutting of Adolf's bandwagon. The

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daily dwindling of Daladier's prestige is a hopeful sign.

Communists, of course, will turn thumbs down on the three-year plan, as will the Socialists. The vote in the Finance Committee indicates that forty Radical Socialists—"when you say that, smile"—may desert the premier and cause his defeat. A slim vote of confidence will mean nothing. A man who is distrusted by the workers and who has switched labels *ad lib* is unfit to aspire to French führership. His double talk about recovery is pure hanky-panky. The country is in bankruptcy, tottering after post-war misgoverning and the anti-Blum flight of capital abroad.

Daladier may pull through because there is no strong opponent to take the helm. Léon Blum's Spanish "non-intervention" counts him out; the workers respect him but deem him ultra-timid. No politician craves to be the goat when the crash comes.

The civil-service workers showed no yellow streak. They voted to strike believing they had the right to protest injustices. Daladier Procrusteanized the law, calling out the army, with gas and guns, threatening employees for justifiedly protesting. The strike was a patriotic movement. As usual the lawbreakers wore uniforms, the victims caps and overalls.

The possibilities of disaster are enormous, but the worst may be avoided. Daladier may fall. As a last resort the premier may trump up charges and wave documents in attempts to smear the Communist Party and unseat those who did not support him on the Munich question. If the gag fails—six-to-one it will—the ruling Frenchman may do a Steve Brodie and dissolve the Chamber. President LeBrun is a rubber stamp in the premier's pocket. The resulting election will make the memories of previous ones seem like the pale chromos of nun-picked pond lilies. There will be "no soap" for dictatorship. Like his brother Radical Socialists, Daladier is not hardboiled enough to be a really impressive führer and not gentle enough to swipe eggs from under hens. He yodels bilgewater for the lowly-born but is not boastful enough to compete with Adolf or Benito. He never mentions God nor mixes himself up with the gods, and is, therefore, disqualified for real-McCoyish führering. The reactionaries who may waft votes his way really wish him in hell, but they have no hopeful in their own ranks.

It is already apparent that the union-busters will have to climb down quickly. The CGT will emerge stronger than ever. Jouhaux minds not at all losing his regency in the Bank of France, but Daladier is up the creek without any labor men on his municipal, departmental, or national boards. The firing of Jouhaux and Semard was an unsporting and futile gesture. The countermove of the CGT leaders, by depriving the government of its labor colleagues, was good strategy. Labor is suffering from hunger and the ambush attacks of thousands of petty bosses with the government's okay to ride the men as much as they like. The small-time cruelties are disgusting, but the press' big-league iniquities are worse.

Who Is This Daladier?

Background of the "Law-and-Order" Premier

J. CHARLES BAURY

In February 1934 Edouard Daladier, then as now premier of France, was nicknamed the "fusilier." The name was given him by reactionary elements of the French press because some twenty-four persons were killed in the fascist demonstrations, for which the Stavisky scandal served as an excuse, in the Place de la Concorde on February 6.

Paris workers in their original bewilderment didn't call him anything. They were still deluded by the assumption that Daladier was more or less on their side, on the side, that is, of democracy. They watched with amazement the pitiful collapse of Daladier's government without even a test vote in the Chamber of Deputies, and presently perceived that the celebrated strong man was in fact a poltroon. They saw civil liberties surrendered and a decree government, or pseudo-dictatorship, established by the ancient and thoroughly equivocal Doumergue.

Two nights after the famous February 6, there was a slaughter of the workers in Paris. The number of dead was hard to establish because killing workers is traditionally an act of law and order, instead of a crime, but on the night of February 8, the *flics* (or cops) and the Mobile Guards around the Gare de l'Est and Belleville and the streets back of the Place de la Bastille killed at least three times the total killed on the famous sixth. But that was not news.

There was another difference between the nights of February 6 and 8. In the first, the shooting started from the Cours-la-Reine, that is, from the regimented mob of fascists. It was an act of provocation. On the night of February 8, the *vaches* (or cops) and the Mobiles rode down the people and instituted the killings in suppression of the rights of assemblage and free speech. Of course, they said they were destroying "voyous," gangsters and looters.

Daladier is a student of history. He was once a favorite pupil of Herriot in the University of Lyon. So Daladier is without doubt thoroughly familiar with the use of the term "law and order" as practiced for more than a century in France. It was the Party of Law and Order which instituted the grisly atrocities of the Rue Transnonain, working-class street, in 1835, under the reign of the benevolent Louis Philippe. It was the Party of Law and Order which suppressed the revolt against that regime in 1848, with three days of bloody carnage in the streets of Paris. It was at that time that the Party of Law and Order, as represented by its generals, revived a practice which had been abolished in warfare in Europe for several centuries—the practice of shooting prisoners.

The most impressive instance of the working of the slogan "law and order" in France occurred in 1871, with the suppression of the Paris Commune. It was already known, of course, that Law and Order, as enunciated by French politicians, meant illegality and disorder, rapine and blood, but not even the most far-sighted observers at that time could imagine just how repulsive action could be under the disguise of this phrase which has come to mean all that is bombastic, criminal, and bloodthirsty.

The individual who, in 1871, brought the technique of vicious brutality masquerading as law and order to its fine flower was the politician Thiers. It seems obvious that Daladier, the "fusilier," has elected this corrupt and furibund personage as his model and guide, and the people of France can expect the worst.

History repeats itself. It also distorts itself. In 1871 France had just been humiliated by Germany. M. Thiers had betrayed his race by pusillanimous capitulation.

That in itself was no novelty. Gentlemen of M. Thiers' caliber had practiced the betrayal of France for centuries. The Best Elements of France, not only then, but in the Great Revolution, as well as now, were not only eager to abet, but were actually abetting, the enemies of the republic. In every test, since the aristocrats, the landed gentry, and the financiers of France joined the armies of the Prince de Condé in a coalition of Austria, Germany, and Britain against the republic, that has been true. Patriotism in France has always been, for better or worse, principally a sacrifice of the propertyless. For the rich and the landed, an Austrian emperor, a Bismarck, or a Hitler has often been preferred to a French republican.

So, in 1871, the sanctimonious M. Thiers made his capitulation with Bismarck and reduced his nation to serfdom under Germany. M. Daladier knows his books. With the *nabot* (Thiers was called the "dwarf") as his guide he has put France in the same position today.

On the front of local politics, M. Thiers was the mouthpiece and agent of the Best Elements, the people with a Stake in the Country — meaning the capitalists. Daladier proved his allegiance to these same elements in 1934 when he abandoned France to the dictatorship of the privately owned Bank of France and the privately organized fascist armies of de la Rocque, Taitinger,

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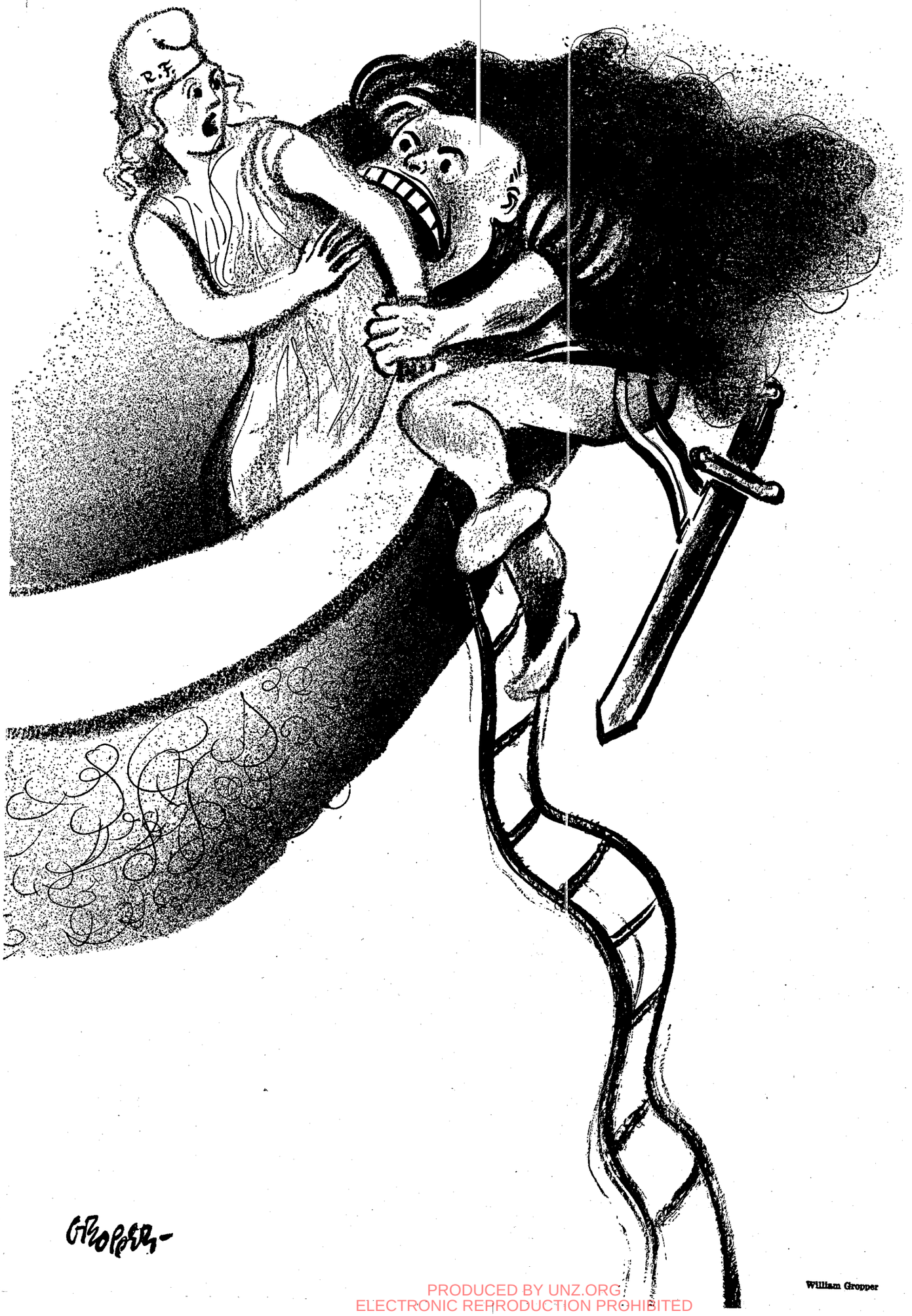

William Gropper

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and Léon Daudet's Camelots du Roi. As with Thiers, so with Daladier, the people of France objected. Doumergue rapidly retired to Tournefeuille, his property in the Midi financed by his directorship in the Suez Canal Co., and by national vote the surrender of Daladier was renounced.

Now Daladier is back. Strange how such sinister individuals turn up at crucial moments in French history. It was Thiers who in 1840 persuaded the government to ring Paris with a row of forts—which he was to turn against the Parisians in 1871. It was Daladier who opened the way to fascism in France by letting its private armies trample the republican government in 1934. Thiers kept his mouth shut as long as Louis Napoleon's regime of reactionary corruption flourished in France. Daladier only opened his to command the abandonment of rights of labor and social improvement legally established by the Popular Front —to which he paid lip service, and one wing of which he led.

Now, as to the technique which Thiers used —and which Daladier is following. Repression of free speech, repression of the press, repression of the rights of assemblage. Government by decree, with suspension or abolition of Parliament. Arrest of leaders who could not be bribed. Surrender to the external enemy, in both cases Germany. Request for and acceptance of German aid against the people of France. And finally, bloodthirsty and merciless slaughter of the French populace in the name of law, order, and virtue, coupled with an incendiary and reckless campaign of defamation against republican leaders as Reds, criminals, pyromaniacs, and anarchists.

That was Thiers' progress. Daladier is roaring along the same track, with all brakes off and the propaganda whistle screeching.

It is well to remember that in France it is always the Party of Law and Order which resorts to violence and disorder. In matters of finance, public affairs in general, and even in the suppression of rebellion against the legal government, republican France (as opposed to monarchies, empires, and dictatorships) has always been comparatively moderate. The tradition of Red Terror is a hallucination carefully bolstered by aristocratic-minded historians.

One example will suffice. As far as the world is concerned, there is only one Terror. It is classic, that Terror of the Great Revolution. Here are the facts: In Paris, in a period of one year and three months, from April 6, 1793, to July 27, 1794, there were 2,596 executions—executions performed after trial and judgment. In three days in 1848, the armies of Law and Order in Paris slaughtered three thousand citizens. In one week, in 1871, under the rule of M. Thiers, the armies of Law and Order in Paris murdered between twenty-five thousand and thirty thousand citizens. That was more French citizens than the number of German soldiers killed by the same armies in the entire Franco-Prussian war just ended. In the mass murders performed at M. Thiers' orders upon the people of Paris, the Best Elements, including dainty ladies of the Boulevard St. Germain and other select neighborhoods, aided the troops. Paris workers were lined up in batches of hundreds against a wall in the Père Lachaise cemetery. With little squeals and holding one hand prettily over an ear (the gesture is recorded in photographs), these ladies pulled the triggers of pistols pointed in the direction of their compatriots.

It should be noted that few of these mass executions were performed after trial. They took place in the streets in the moment of combat and capture. Their ferocity was never equaled until Mussolini's and Hitler's bombers went to work on noncombatants in Spain, and even there no such total of sudden death in such a short time as a week is on record.

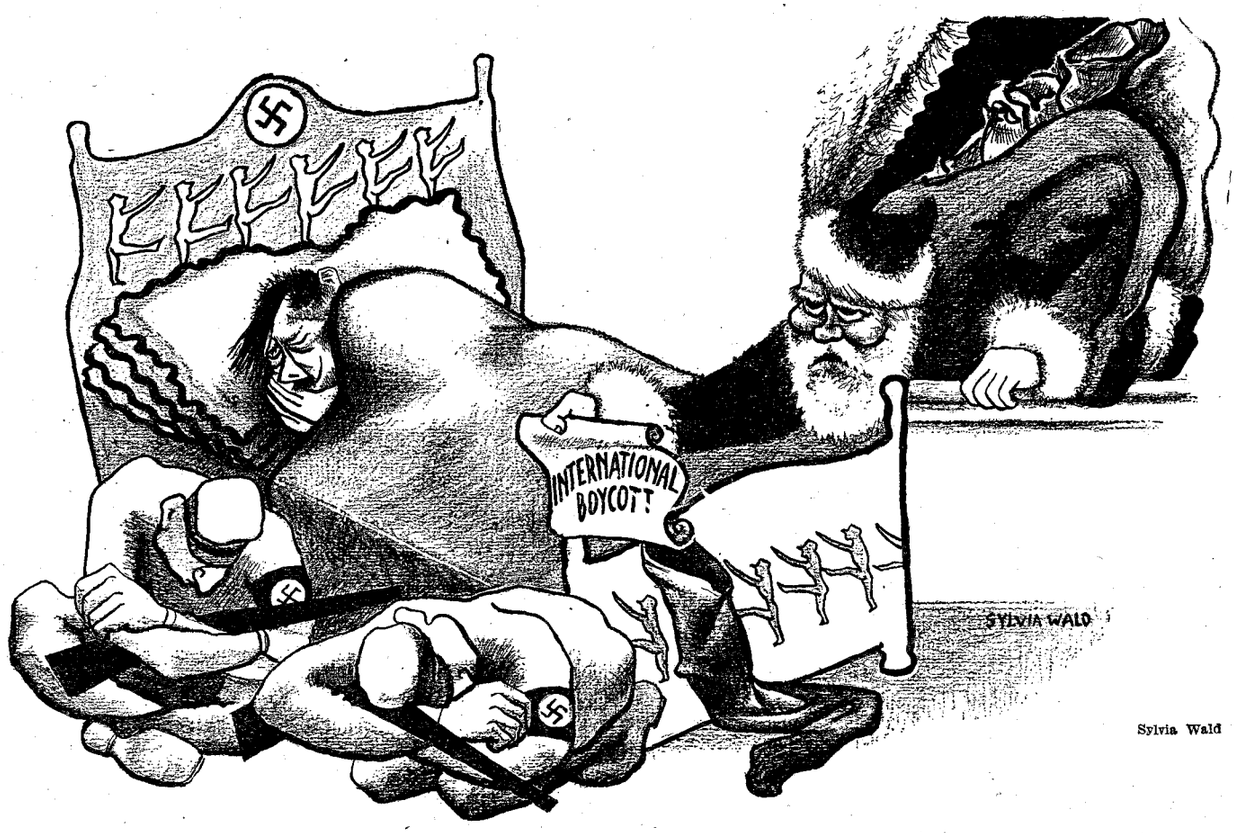
With gross and incredible impudence, at the conclusion of these bestial spectacles and while his government was beginning the wholesale arrest of several hundreds of thousands of citizens suspected of being republicans, M. Thiers telegraphed the following inspiring message to all the regions of France: "Justice, order, humanity, and civilization have triumphed."

M. Daladier has still a little way to go along the path laid by his effulgent predecessor. But of him it may already be said what Karl Marx wrote of Thiers: "The chronicle of his public life is the record of the misfortunes of France."

★

Premature Celebration

THE fascist aggressors are beating the drums about their "Munich victory." They are making furious preparations for new bandit conspiracies and crimes. They are helped in this by the enemies of the working class and of Socialism in the bourgeois democratic countries. Men of little faith, capitu-



Sylvia Wald

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lators, cowards, bow their heads before the fascist jackboot.

The fascists are celebrating prematurely. Their "victory" is a Pyrrhic victory, a victory which is fraught with defeat for them. They have engulfed Austria, but seven million Austrian people hate them. They have seized the Sudetenland, but have roused the wrath of the peoples of Czechoslovakia against themselves to the uttermost limits. They have crushed Czechoslovakia, but have roused all the small nations against themselves. They are shedding the blood of the Spanish people, but twenty million Spaniards pronounce the name of the German interventionists with hatred. The fascists, by their effrontery, are rousing the whole world against themselves. By their brigandage they are generating the most profound indignation of advanced mankind. By their conquests they are undermining the ground beneath their own feet. And the hour of vengeance will come. A united working class and the genuinely democratic forces of the peoples are in a position to curb the fascist violators and warmongers, and, together with their own peoples, to crush fascism.—GEORGI DIMITROV *in "Pravda."*

★

One Big Family

THE English writer who sets out to do a book similar to our *America's Sixty Families* or France's *Two Hundred Families* should have a much simpler job. The Swiss *Journal de Genève,* in pointing out that England's aristocratic-plutocracy runs that country like a family reunion, says:

> The death a few months ago of two peers, the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Harlech, as well as that of Lord Stanley, brings to light a queer enough theory in a democracy. Devonshire, ex-colonial secretary, was father of Lord Hartington, then Dominions under-secretary. The son of Lord Harlech was Mr. Ormsby-Gore, then colonial secretary. Mr. Ormsby-Gore is the brother-in-law of Lord Cranborne (present foreign under-secretary). Lord Cranborne is the son of Lord Salisbury, ex-foreign under-secretary. Lord Stanley, who became Dominions secretary, was the brother of Oliver Stanley, president of the board of trade, and their father is Lord Derby, ex-war minister. Mr. Stanley is the son-in-law of Lord Londonderry, ex-air minister.
>
> Sir Samuel Hoare is the son-in-law of Lord Beauchamp, and Mr. Duff Cooper of the Duke of Rutland. Sir Thomas Inskip's wife is the daughter of Lord Glasgow. Lord Halifax is married to Lord Onslow's daughter and his MP son is the husband of Lord Derby's granddaughter. Mr. Channon, Lord Halifax's secretary, is married to a daughter of Lord Iveagh, another of whose daughters is engaged to Mr. Lennon-Boyd, an under-secretary. Lord Feversham, a parliamentary secretary, is son-in-law of Lord Halifax.

The *Journal de Genève* then sums up:

> Among ministers and governmental posts there are two dukes, two marquesses, nine earls, nine viscounts, twenty barons, and more than a hundred baronets. These titled people are all somehow interrelated and related to the great commoners of politics, finance, and commerce.

No wonder the voice of the English people has a hard time being heard.

It Comes on Cat's Feet

Growth of the Fascist Menace in America

GRACE HUTCHINS

AT A summer camp frequented by professors, teachers, and social workers, a clever, attractive girl who had recently graduated with honors from a leading American college spent an evening telling the campers about her year in Germany as a graduate student.

Hitler, she asserted, was much misunderstood in the United States; in reality he had done wonders for the German people; he had "practically wiped out unemployment, was working for peace in the world, and was preserving Christianity as Europe's bulwark against Communism." Of course she didn't agree with the ideas of Nazi Germany, she explained, but if the choice must lie, as she feared, between fascism and Communism, wasn't fascism preferable?

Deeply disturbing as this lecture was to progressives in the audience, the discussion that followed it was even more so. Most of those present, supposedly intelligent believers in American democracy, seemed to agree that Americans had not been "fair" to Hitler's regime; it was necessary to point out how much good there was in National Socialism, how much less "danger" (i.e., to comfortable men and women of property) in fascism than in Communism. A Jewish instructor from Harvard and an English Quaker who had seen German concentration camps expressed an apparently minority opinion of clear-cut opposition to Hitler's regime of frightfulness.

These men and women who were accepting apologies for Hitler are American intellectuals, many of them pacifists, recognizing evils in the American business system—yet calmly assuming that the fascist form of capitalism might conceivably be the way out. They are shocked by such outbursts of violence as the recent pogrom, but they have refused to recognize that such outrages express the essence of fascism. They regret that Japan is murdering Chinese citizens but think the boycott of Japanese goods is "unchristian." They condemn war and all use of force, but dare to claim that Hitler is really "a power for peace in the world." They are among the isolationists who sigh with relief over the Munich betrayal because they think it kept America out of war.

Such views as these are more insidious than most of us have realized. We are accustomed to the fulminations of Gerald L. K. Smith, Gerald B. Winrod, and Father Coughlin, who has recently made more definitely pro-fascist statements in his weekly *Social Justice.* We call these men crackpots, not to be taken seriously as indicating any increase of Nazi sympathy. While it is true that the majority of American professionals and intellectuals undoubtedly believe in democracy, the fact that a group of them such as the one at the summer camp can accept apologies for Nazi barbarism shows we have underestimated the danger. How did they get that way? Where is the source of pro-fascist influence to which they are responding?

The answer is clear to anyone who studies the fascist and semi-fascist organizations in this country, the professional patriots, and the statements they make. Middle-class Americans who think Mussolini and Hitler "preserve Christianity" are repeating, whether they know it or not, the public statements of certain prominent industrialists who have praised the fascist and Nazi regimes. Such utterances are significant because they represent the opinions of big business. Let us see what some of these opinions are—as expressed by certain rulers of America and their spokesmen.

William S. Knudsen, president of General Motors Corp., which has a large German subsidiary, recently returned to Detroit after a six weeks' visit in Europe. In a talk to General Motors foremen and executives the president stated:

> Today you do not see starvation, beggars, streetwalkers, and bums who six years ago were everywhere on Unter den Linden (Berlin's main street). Everyone is busy. They walk briskly, are well fed and well dressed.

Reporting this statement, the Federated Press reminded its readers that Knudsen was responsible in previous years for GM's large expenditures on labor spies and for the vigilante movement in Flint during the 1937 sitdown strike, when he tried, unsuccessfully, to double-cross the union.

To reporters in New York City, when he landed, Knudsen said "that Germany had been transformed since his last visit several years ago and that the Reich today was 'the miracle of the twentieth century.'" This is the tribute of an outstanding American corporation official to the benefits Hitler has bestowed upon Fritz Thyssen and other big German industrialists who support his campaigns.

Carle C. Conway, president of the Continental Can Co., was among the first American manufacturers to praise fascism in Italy and Germany. Upon arriving from Europe in January 1934, he stated:

> Business men in Italy are happy rather than unhappy under the Mussolini regime. . . . Italy is a living proof that a solution is possible. . . . Germany is organizing its industrial life. . . . In

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all these countries the solution is being sought without the destruction of individual initiative *or of profits.* We must find our solution along the same lines. [Italics mine.—G. H.]

Profits continue under fascism; that is the all-important point to corporation officials. Conway added: "This organization in Italy has taken place without . . . the hampering of management or an undue extension of the prerogatives of labor." This is a model of understatement, since the entire trade-union movement and all its rights have been destroyed in both fascist Italy and Nazi Germany.

Babson's Barometer Report for Aug. 22, 1938, advises its lients: "To quit worrying about newspaper wars. . . . Instead, to buy fertile land, raise more babies, accumulate stocks, and watch Hitler who is leading the masses, instead of some United States 'dictator' who is inciting them." In a footnote on the program of more babies, this business man's sheet explains that its "clients and those capable of creating employment should breed more descendants. Of course the relief problem will be solved only by reducing the birth rate of those on relief."

This idea is common to both Nazi Germany and fascist Italy—that the aristocracy should breed more babies while children of the workers may be reduced in number—by war service, by bombing, or by starvation. A private letter to a friend of mine from an American in Italy suggests that the United States should copy fascism in getting the upper classes to breed more prolifically.

In *Nation's Business,* organ of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, W. M. Kiplinger wrote in May 1935: "Most people have only a vague idea of what fascism is. Many big business men think well of it and secretly hope for it." And in the same organ, in March 1935, Kiplinger attacked the Roosevelt administration and added:

This is why many thoughtful people believe that our form of government must be changed to something resembling the fascist form, without the multitude of checks or balances now prevailing.

Among other prominent persons in the United States who have openly made statements in favor of Nazi Germany, fascist Italy, or both, are Sen. Edward R. Burke (Democrat of Nebraska); the Rev. Father Duffee of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Francis of Assisi in New York City; Mayor Angelo Rossi of San Francisco, who spoke from a swastika-decorated platform at a German Day meeting; Charles E. Bedaux, who has profited from speeding up workers all over the United States; and Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, recently decorated by Hitler. According to the London *Sunday Express,* Lindbergh "never hesitates to voice his glowing admiration for Hitler and the German state."

A small clique of American industrialists are ready to see a fascist state supplant democracy in this country, according to William E. Dodd, former ambassador to Germany. Henry Ford, decorated by Hitler on July 30, 1938, is of course one of this clique. Dodd reported in January 1938 that, on board ship when he was returning to the United States, "a prominent executive of one of America's largest financial corporations told me pointblank that if the progressive trend of the Roosevelt administration continued, he would be ready to take definite action to bring fascism into America."

If the progressive trend of the Roosevelt administration continues—there is the explanation of the increasing interest in fascism now openly expressed by certain rulers of America. Wage increases, unemployment compensation, old-age benefits, shorter working hours, public ownership of utilities—these progressive measures cut into profits of private corporations and are therefore contrary to the class interests of those who now control industry in this country.

Those industrialists and their spokesmen who can praise "law and order," as established by Nazi bayonets, are among those who have supported the American Liberty League (not yet so dead as we would like to think), the Sentinels of the Republic, the League for Industrial Rights, and other semi-fascist organizations. Knudsen's General Motors Corp. was one of the Morgan-du Pont group that organized the American Liberty League. Knudsen personally contributed $10,000 within eighteen months to that league of big business. He is one of the du Pont associates who, together with the du Pont family, donated $356,667 to the Liberty League and related organizations.

American corporation officials who point out the advantages (to business men) of a fascist regime are anti-New Deal Republicans or Democrats. They made large contributions to the recent campaign against Roosevelt's supporters. In New York State alone, the Morgan interests donated over $5,000 to the 1938 Republican campaign chest. These big business Republicans raised the issue of anti-Semitism in an effort to defeat a progressive political opponent, Governor Lehman.

But in order to advocate anything like a fascist system (under whatever name it might be called) in America, these business men must deny the democratic principles on which the United States government is founded. By their acts many big industrialists have already betrayed democracy. They have encouraged vigilantes and "citizens' committees" for breaking strikes. They have used labor spies, brass knuckles, machine guns, and other methods of terror against union organizers, as in the Chicago Memorial Day massacre, in the Little Steel strike in Ohio, at Ford's Dearborn plant in May 1937, and in California fruit orchards in 1938. They have set thugs to beat Jewish citizens in Mayor Hague's Jersey City.

It is not surprising, therefore, that certain spokesmen for these industrialists are now openly renouncing the principles of democracy. Prof. Neil Carothers, dean of the College of Business Administration at Lehigh University, who in 1936 wrote a pamphlet for the American Liberty League, recently attacked the principle of government by the people in a significant statement. Under the headline, "Legislation Enacted by Popular Clamor, He Warns, Threatens Our Civilization," the September 25 issue of "The Week," which is distributed with the Sunday issue of the New York *Herald Tribune* and other newspapers, published an article by Professor Carothers in which he denounced the "sweep of democracy . . . aggravated by depression."

Other spokesmen for big business in its new attack on democracy include certain religious leaders. In most Roman Catholic churches of the United States, priests have

They Destroy the Monuments

Grieve, be angry, be ashamed
For the breaking of fine things: they were more than things.
They were designed to be always more than things.
They were made of the lovely flying strength of man,
Of his love, of the visions of his love.

Grieve for destruction, but not as of this hour.
It is not easier to destroy than to build.
It takes an age to make a monument,
An age to make it false,
An age to turn against its hollowness.

Grieve for the long and slow destruction:
Beauty, that was of the flame of man, loved
And the flame untended;
Beauty, that was of the power of man, loved
And the power wasted.

How shall the buildings and bodies of marble live,
While the muscles of men sag with weariness
And their bellies creep in toward their bones?
Shall man starve in the hovels and the alleys,
And beauty stand uncrumbling in the shrines?

Grieve for destruction, but not as of this hour.
Long before the actual image was broken
It had been hollowed out, it broke like a shell.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

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spoken in favor of General Franco's fascist war against the democratically elected government of Spain. Outstanding Catholic leaders who have publicly urged support for Franco include the Most Rev. Daniel J. Gercke, Bishop of Tucson (Arizona), the Rev. Father Joseph F. Thorning of Washington, D. C., Cardinal William O'Connell of Boston, and the late Cardinal Hayes of New York.

A number of leaders of other religious denominations are also voicing opinions opposed to democratic ideals. The Rev. Samuel Shoemaker of Calvary Church, New York City, for example, in a recent sermon warned his hearers against "too much democracy." The trouble with the world today is the trend toward liberalism, according to this clergyman, who explains his doctrine more fully in a book called *The Church Can Save the World*. Mr. Shoemaker is prominent in the Oxford Group for "saving the best people and their butlers." He is a follower of Frank Buchman, who once stated publicly: "I thank God for a man like Adolf Hitler."

These menacing trends toward fascism in the United States are well analyzed by A. B. Magil and Henry Stevens in their book, *The Peril of Fascism: The Crisis of American Democracy*. The menace may not call itself fascism in this country, they point out; it comes on cat's feet; it is anti-labor, but not openly so; it attacks the New Deal by Red-baiting; it fans the anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, anti-Negro prejudices of certain groups in the American population; while talking about human welfare, it inherits the barbarism of vigilantes, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Black Legion.

To check this incipient fascism before it can spread like a cancer to destroy the body of our country, progressives must be more alert to diagnose these trends for what they are. Those middle-class Americans who repeat the old clichés about Mussolini running trains on time and Hitler removing beggars from Berlin streets are still potential anti-fascists. Many of them can be won for the democratic front of all progressive forces by persistent, patient reasoning, based on a knowledge of facts. To prevent the growth of fascism it is necessary promptly to defend democracy against every attack—whether it is in the form of words or of violence against the civil rights of citizens.

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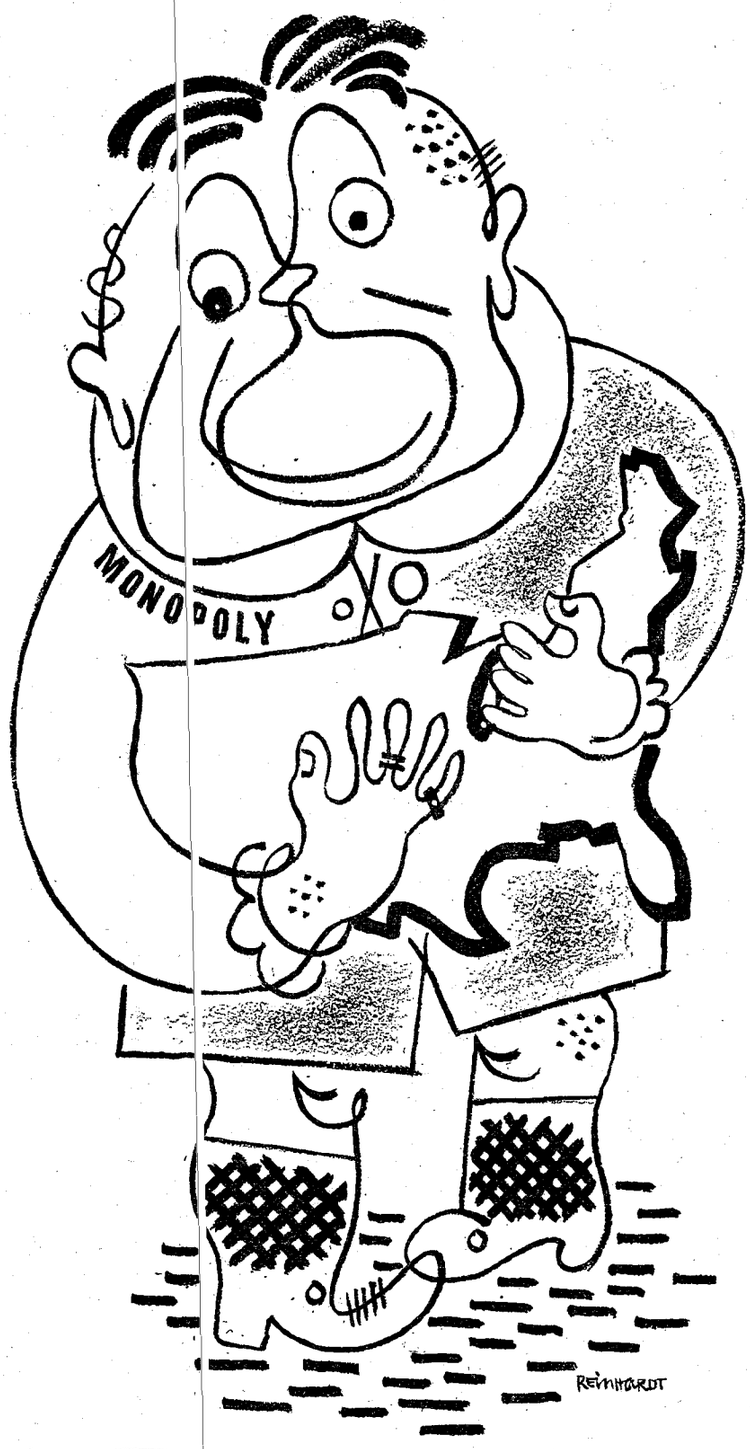
Catholics vs. Franco

STRAINED relations between the Vatican and rebel Spain, largely due to the Nazi persecution of Catholics, are indicated in the reported expulsion of Cardinal Segura from Franco territory for a speech he made at Seville against the Falangists and the way Franco's German allies have been treating Catholics. The rumor of Cardinal Segura's expulsion is contained in a recent story in the Manchester *Guardian*, which points out that Segura was the primate cardinal of Toledo when the revolution occurred, and was expelled from Madrid in 1931 because of the violent speeches he made against the republic. According to the *Guardian* story:

> The Falangists are becoming more and more Nazi, and are developing the Nazi sentiments against the Catholic Church, so much so that an apprehension is growing among the Franco moderates that if their side won the war, Franco and the church would be dealt with as the Nazis dealt with the government and the church in Austria.

The writer of the story also reports that when he queried a Spanish authority on a possible resumption of relations between the Spanish government and the Vatican, he was told that the Vatican "had never broken relations with the republic." Not long ago, the Pope appointed an apostolic administrator at Lérida.

"It is a significant fact," comments the writer, "that while the Burgos government has Señor Yangas Messias as its ambassador at Rome the Pope has never appointed a nuncio to Burgos. Franco has not yet had a Vatican representative of the rank expected."



Ad Reinhardt

"MOMMA!"

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NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

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Reprisals in France

THE French Parliament opens with the country in the throes of a vast social crisis precipitated by the Daladier government's draconian decrees. In the wake of the general strike of November 30 have come widespread repressive measures by the employers and the government. One million workers have been fired or locked out, according to the cable by Elliot Paul elsewhere in this issue (even the doctored reports of the American news agencies set the figure as high as 700,000), and the employers are attempting to cancel the collective contracts and vacations with pay. This orgy of reprisal is the best tribute to the effectiveness of the general strike, despite the gargantuan falsifications of Daladier and the press. Those who demanded that the workers sacrifice the forty-hour week and other social gains on the pretext that production must be raised and national defense strengthened, are the very ones who organized this large-scale sabotage of production and defense. In the metal trades alone, the keystone of the armaments industry, 600,000 were locked out. And Daladier, who roared like a lion at the general strike, bleats meekly before the employers, begging them to be nice little boys and start the wheels turning again.

Another demonstration that Daladier's military measures and campaign of intimidation had failed to cow the workers was the wave of protest strikes that followed the memorable November 30, reaching a high point in the general strike of seamen at Havre. And the very calling of Parliament, which Daladier wished to postpone indefinitely, is a concession wrung from him by the general strike. Despite terror and misrepresentation, the strike achieved its purpose: it mobilized the workers of France and large sections of the middle class for struggle against the reactionary decrees. The opening of Parliament finds Daladier sitting "victorious" on a keg of social dynamite.

Freedom to Lie

IN COVERING the general strike, the American capitalist press covered itself with shame. The correspondents and news agencies simply cabled the propaganda of the Daladier government, and let it go at that. Nowhere was there any indication that practically the whole of private industry was paralyzed and that even in the requisitioned industries, despite threats and the mobilization of troops, there was considerable support for the strike. The chief medal of dishonor for unmitigated lying undoubtedly goes to the New York *Times* correspondent, P. J. Philip. Mr. Philip's dispatches from France are beginning to rival the ingenious fabrications of William Carney in Spain. On the day before the general strike, for example, Philip's story in the *Times* was refuted almost paragraph for paragraph by the Associated Press dispatch —in the same issue of the *Times*.

One shining exception to the manner in which the American press covered the strike was the *Daily Worker*. The December 1 front page of the *Daily Worker* was an example of devotion to truth and journalistic enterprise. When the cable of its Paris correspondent, Harold R. Jefferson, was held up by the censorship, the *Daily Worker* reached P. L. Darnar, associate editor of *L'Humanité*, by transatlantic telephone and received a true picture of the strike. Incidentally, the imposition of cable censorship was another piece of news that the other papers somehow overlooked.

More Fruits of Munich

"TUNISIA, Corsica, Nice, Savoy!" Timed to coincide with the general strike, came the ravenous cry of the unappeased fascists in the Italian Chamber—sour fruit of that other great Daladier "victory," the Munich agreement. France, having turned the other cheek at Munich, is slapped with the Italian demand for colonies. And to sweeten it all, Virginio Gayda, Mussolini's chief sounding board, announces that Italy "is ready if necessary to march even against France." Thus the Laval-Mussolini agreement of 1935, by which Italy renounced all territorial claims, takes its place on the rubbish heap of other broken fascist promises. Of course, this is all a bit embarrassing to Messrs. Chamberlain and Halifax, particularly in view of their projected journey to Rome next month, but trust them to do what they can to smooth things out at the expense of the democracies.

The Italian clamor for French territory undoubtedly has the tacit support of Germany. It is the *quid pro quo* that Mussolini exacted in return for letting Hitler have his way in Austria and Czechoslovakia. It will soon be discovered, of course, that the people of Italian descent in the French empire are being subjected to all sorts of diabolical cruelties and are pining to "rejoin their motherland," Italy. All of which is part of the bill of Munich.

At such a time France needs, above all, national unity against the fascist threat without and within. It is obvious that the government of disunity and capitulation of Daladier cannot defend the national interests of the French people.

Looking at the Monopolies

THE monopoly investigation has begun with an imposing statistical prologue, followed by the rising of the curtain on Act I, an examination of the thorny problem of patents. This is the most comprehensive investigation of its kind ever undertaken in this country, and there is every indication that it will be searching and objective. This means that inevitably, despite the sewing-circle atmosphere that Senator O'Mahoney, chairman of the monopoly committee, has sought to create, the inquiry is bound to step on the corns of certain powerful financial and industrial interests. Even in the prologue the clash of forces came to the surface in the testimony of two New Dealers, Dr. Isador Lubin, federal commissioner of labor statistics, and Leon Henderson, executive secretary of the monopoly committee, on the one hand, and Dr. Willard L. Thorp, Dun & Bradstreet economist, whom the Department of Commerce has borrowed to head its research for the investigation, on the other.

Between them, Dr. Lubin and Mr. Henderson dealt in great detail with the two chief obstacles to economic progress: inadequate purchasing power among the masses of the people and the stifling of competition and artificial restriction of production by monopoly. Dr. Thorp, on the contrary, practically denied that monopoly exists, thus echoing the New York *Herald Tribune*, which declared editorially on June 10: "To pursue monopoly is to pursue a phantom." Most illuminating was Dr. Lubin's statement that if the 54 percent of the nation's families whose incomes are $1,200 a year or less were each given an additional $2.25 a day to spend, it would create sufficient purchasing power for industry to operate at capacity.

Monopoly is an inevitable phase of capitalist development, a phenomenon of capitalist decay. Only under Socialism can private monopoly and all its anti-social practices be eliminated through the transfer of the entire national economic plant to the people and

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their state power. But while the eggs of monopoly cannot be unscrambled, as NEW MASSES has previously pointed out, many monopolistic abuses can definitely be checked. If the monopoly committee lays bare the nature of these abuses and gives some indication of the remedy, it will perform an historic service. But pending the outcome of its two-year investigation, the New Deal can itself tackle the problem from many angles: increased taxation of high income, provision of liberal credit facilities for the small business man, guarantee of cost-of-production prices for the farmers, and the nationalization of banking and credit, railroads, public utilities, and munitions.

A Progressive Speech

THERE is small comfort for the reactionaries in President Roosevelt's Chapel Hill speech. The New Deal is to go on, the President made clear, and in advancing along progressive lines the United States will not only be meeting its own problems but aiding democracy everywhere.

"What America does or fails to do in the next few years has a far greater bearing and influence on the history of the human race for centuries to come than most of us who are here today can ever conceive," the President said. "We are not only the largest and most powerful democracy in the whole world, but many other democracies look to us for leadership that world democracy may survive." Here he emphasized that he was discussing domestic, not foreign, policy; but the two are in no sense separable, and the vast issues that Mr. Roosevelt sees confronting the human race are already being contested in many parts of a world in which the United States as a great power must play its part. That Mr. Roosevelt was not more specific in his references to the international situation undoubtedly disappointed many. The stern rebuke to Hitler contained in the withdrawal of our ambassador was one of Mr. Roosevelt's most universally applauded actions. There is no doubt whatever that the severing of trade relations with the Nazis would meet with equal approval.

But the importance of the speech lies not in its omissions, but in its eloquent defense of liberalism, of change and progress, and its castigation of the reactionaries and their press. The Republican Party in its national leadership has clearly shown its intention to follow a straight-out reactionary course, which means, to block every further proposal of the New Deal in Congress and to tear down what it can of New Deal accomplishments thus far. Mr. Roosevelt has indicated to the progressive forces of the country—to the vast majority—that he intends to fight on.

Surplus Food for Spain

ERNST TOLLER, the exiled German playwright, has returned to this country with an excellent proposal. The civilian population of Spain is suffering dreadfully from undernourishment. In Madrid alone there are forty thousand cases of pellagra. Half a million infants in loyalist Spain are suffering acutely from lack of milk, according to a recent League of Nations report. Mr. Toller proposes that countries with surplus food supplies should come to the aid of the Spanish population in both rebel and loyalist territory. America has six million surplus bushels of wheat, he points out; Sweden has a surplus of 125,000 tons of wheat and rye; thousands of tons of herring and kippers are being thrown back into the ocean by the English and Scandinavians; thousands of tons of coffee are without a market in Brazil. To deny this unused food to the people of Spain, as the Archbishop of Canterbury said, "is a crime for which democratic countries could never be forgiven. . . ."

What possible objection could there be to Mr. Toller's scheme? American farmers would benefit, since their surpluses would be bought up by the American government. People who "refuse to take sides" on the Spanish issue can hardly object, since food would go to starving civilians on both sides of the battle lines. The administration of relief would be carried on by some such impartial agency as the Society of Friends. We agree, for once, with the New York *Herald Tribune,* which describes Mr. Toller's proposal as "direct, sensible, and humane."

A. Blashko

"The resistance against me is a unique example in history. It can only be explained by a total absence of patriotism and the criminal spirit of the Red (government) leaders."—GENERAL FRANCO.

Soviet-German Trade

LUDWIG LORE, foreign affairs commentator of the New York *Post,* finds himself unable to resist the temptation to snipe at the Soviet Union. As a renegade Communist, Mr. Lore undoubtedly considers it his moral duty to besmirch the USSR from time to time. In the November 29 issue of the *Post* he regaled his readers with a report published in that notoriously reliable journal of opinion, the Chicago *Tribune,* that trade between the Soviet Union and Germany is booming despite all the nasty words being passed between them. In fact, according to the *Tribune* correspondent, the Soviet trade delegation in Berlin has had to be quadrupled, which would imply an equivalent increase in trade.

Mr. Lore didn't bother checking this report. Nor did the *Post,* which used it in an editorial squib in its December 1 issue. NEW MASSES does not profess to know what is happening at the Soviet trade office in Berlin, but a telephone call to the Amtorg information bureau reveals the following interesting figures regarding Soviet-German trade (in million rubles):

	Imports from Germany	Exports to Germany
1938 (first eight months)	37.0	58.0
1937 (first eight months)	172.1	73.5

In 1937 Germany held first place in value of goods sold to the USSR; at the present time she is in seventh.

As far back as its July 12 issue, NEW MASSES had occasion to publish a refutation of a similar canard concerning Soviet-German trade which appeared in *Current History.* A letter in our columns cited a Moscow dispatch in the June 19 issue of the New York *Herald Tribune* by Joseph Barnes which described Soviet-German trade as in a state of virtual collapse. Mr. Barnes pointed out that previously trade between the two countries had been encouraged by the Trotskyist agents of Hitler—over whose removal from Soviet life Mr. Lore has shed many a salty tear.

The Doctors Act

A BUSY week for the medical profession: 1. More than 150 leading American physicians and medical authorities petition President Roosevelt "to use the authority and prestige of your position to present to the German government the attitude of representative government, of science, and re-

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ligious liberty in protest against the wholesale nullification of these principles of an intelligent and peaceful society by the recent attacks upon the Jews and Catholics and other defenseless minorities in Germany."

2. The New York County Medical Society defeats its conservative leadership at the society's annual meeting. The reactionary group attempts in vain to pass by-laws outlawing cooperative medicine projects. The progressive majority succeeds in liberalizing the society's constitution.

3. The Committee of Physicians for the Improvement of Medical Care, which is now backed by 770 outstanding American physicians, attacks the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association for its opposition to the principle of compulsory health insurance. The Committee of Physicians challenges the reactionary leaders of the AMA to take a position on the National Health Program.

4. Mayor LaGuardia announces a mass effort to curb tuberculosis among poverty-stricken families through X-ray examinations of the 529,000 men, women, and children on home relief in New York City.

The Teachers Act

A BUSY week for the teaching profession: 1. One hundred and sixty-one members of the Mount Holyoke College faculty send a petition to Cordell Hull protesting shipment of American munitions to Japan.

2. The American Association of Teachers of German, Metropolitan chapter, votes unanimously to send a vigorous letter denouncing the Nazi assault on culture and humanity.

3. The New York Board of Education considers two resolutions of the Teachers Union establishing the right of teachers to join any organization without discrimination and permitting meetings and posting of notices in the public schools.

4. Dr. Nelson P. Mead, acting president of the City College of New York, charges that the Nazi government has established a new propaganda agency in this country under the guise of the German University Service.

5. Dr. Mordecai W. Johnson, president of Howard University, tells a mass meeting sponsored by the Ministers Interdenominational Alliance that the Negro people must join in a democratic front if they are to ward off the fate which has befallen the Jews in Germany.

Rumania Resists

THE murder of Corneliu Zelea Codreanu, leader of the Rumanian fascist Iron Guard, and thirteen of his aides is an episode in the struggle between Hitler and those countries of Southeastern Europe which are not ready to become complete satellites of the Nazi regime. On his recent trip to London and Paris King Carol sought aid in resisting the tremendous economic and political pressure of the Nazis. He was given the cold shoulder. He then went to Berlin in an effort to come to terms with Hitler; he discovered, as all those who make that journey do, that Hitler's only terms are complete surrender. Two days after his return to Bucharest, Carol replied by wiping out the leaders of the Nazi organization in Rumania. This does not yet mean that Carol is ready to organize effective resistance to Hitler. To do that he would have to release the forces of Rumanian democracy which today are bound and gagged. But the blow struck by Carol does mean that even the reactionary circles of Rumania do not wish to suffer the fate of Austria and Czechoslovakia.

Another indication of the same process is the recent rapprochement between Poland and the Soviet Union. Under the direction of Joseph Beck, Polish foreign policy has been strongly pro-Nazi, and Poland was rewarded with a small morsel from the mutilated torso of Czechoslovakia. But the Nazis' insistence on retaining Ruthenia as part of their new vassal state of Czechoslovakia in order to provide a base of operations for the drive eastward has brought home to the Polish government the imminence of the threat to itself. Thus Hitler's road to the East is by no means free of obstacles.

Soriano

Broun at Fifty

BROWSING through that most interesting piece of Americana, *Who's Who in America,* we stumbled across the information that on December 7 one Heywood Campbell Broun became fifty years old. Broun is so conspicuously anything but a stuffed shirt that any tribute on such an occasion may sound hollow. But because we consider him an outstanding American, one of the most salutary influences in our public life, we raise our figurative and collective glass to the president of the American Newspaper Guild, grand writer and grand human being, and wish him health and long life.

Four Spies Out of Many

A JURY and a judge put the blocks to fascism last week when they convicted and sentenced four Nazi spies in the United States Court in New York. The spies—Guenther Rumrich, Johanna Hoffmann, Hermann Voss, and Erich Glaser—were four of an original sixteen who had been indicted by a federal grand jury last June, but twelve managed to skip the country before the trial began in the middle of October.

The evidence gathered by Federal Attorney Lamar Hardy and numerous government investigators was doubly overwhelming. It showed, first, that agents of the Nazi government had been snooping around our national defenses and shipping what information they were able to get back to Herr Goering and his aides. That in itself is important, but even more important is the conclusion to be adduced from it: The United States has a large part in Hitler's plans for the future, and he does not take this business about the Atlantic Ocean as seriously as our isolationists do.

Probably Mr. Hardy was right when he said that those actually brought to trial were small fry themselves but that they were part of a larger pattern of spy activity. Considering that most of the accused escaped, it would seem that the machinery of the Federal Bureau of Investigation is not sufficiently well integrated to apprehend a great many more. But in the FBI and in our courts we have the necessary apparatus, and continued vigilance against both the internal and external spread of fascism is the element that is needed now.

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Norman Thomas: Defeatist

An Analysis of His Policy of Headlong Retreat

WILLIAM Z. FOSTER

WHEREVER the struggle of the masses becomes severe, whenever the people suffer a temporary reverse or encounter heavy obstacles, Norman Thomas is always on hand to blow a bugle call of retreat. So, naturally, he does not let slip the present difficult world situation. His new book, *Socialism on the Defensive* (Harper & Bros. $3), which should be more properly entitled *Socialism Defeated,* is a thesis of pessimism, confusion, and hopelessness. The message it has for the workers is, *Surrender!*

Thomas develops at length his theory that Socialism is on the defensive (defeated) in face of the world offensive of fascism. His contention, in substance, is not merely that the workers have experienced a number of serious defeats (as indeed they have in Germany, Italy, Austria, etc.) and that they have need to reform their lines (as is the real situation); but, instead, that they have been decisively defeated, are in general retreat, and have only a defensive strategy. Thomas' argumentation is to the effect that world fascism has beaten world Socialism for an indefinite period. To sustain this false thesis, which he had tinkered together in this book even before the Munich sellout, Thomas summons to his aid many current bourgeois sophistries, as well as a number he has improvised himself. His book is a maze of contradictions and political nonsense.

Fascist Offensive and Workers' Counter-Offensive: Fascism is the product of capitalism in decay; it is called into being by the declining strength of the capitalist system. It is the brutal dictatorship of the most powerful and reactionary sections of finance capital, that is, of the great bankers and industrialists. Fascism develops when finance capital, faced by shrinking home and foreign markets in the deepening general crisis of capitalism, in order to maintain or increase its profits, develops a violent offensive on two fronts. On the one hand, it intensifies its exploitation of the toilers in its own territories by breaking up their trade unions and political parties and by abolishing bourgeois-democratic government; and on the other hand, it seeks to thrust aside or crush its imperialist rivals abroad by wars or threats of war. As the general crisis deepens, the fascist offensive has spread until now it is a world menace.

A contributory factor to the growth of fascism has been weakness in the ranks of the workers. With correct policies on the part of labor, fascism would have been crushed in the egg. Thus, when at the close of the World War the German workers actually set up Soviets and virtually controlled Germany, Socialism could have been achieved in that country and fascism forever prevented if the Social Democrats had followed the example of the Russian Bolsheviks and gone through with the revolution. But they did not; instead, they restored capitalist control and thus prepared the way for fascism. Their later sellout of the revolution in Italy, their studied post-war policy of putting European capitalism back on its feet, and their refusal to join with the Communist Party in the struggle against Hitler led the European workers from one big defeat to another and cleared the way for fascism.

Notwithstanding these defeats and the consequent growth of fascism due to the bankruptcy of the reformist policy of the Second International, the workers, under the leadership of the Communist International, are now developing a world counter-offensive against the monster, fascism. This struggle proceeds along three major channels: (1) the building of Socialism in the Soviet Union; (2) the organization of People's Front movements in various countries; and (3) the development of a concerted struggle of the democratic peoples of the world to repel the fascist war aggressors and to secure world peace. These great movements are the means to defend the masses' present-day needs; their furtherance is also today's main task in the fight for Socialism.

Thomas, in order to show that Socialism is on the defensive, or, more properly, that the world's workers have been decisively defeated, waves aside all these three phases of the masses' counter-offensive against fascism as either negligible in value or actually harmful to the workers' daily struggle and to Socialism. He tries to reduce the workers' real fight simply to the meek activities of the reformist Second International. Moreover, he makes the masses' cause seem all the more hopeless by enormously exaggerating the power of the capitalist enemy. Let us consider Thomas' argumentation in some detail, starting with the latter point.

Overestimation of the Power of Fascism: Thomas builds up fascism as a virtually invincible force by overestimating its strength in several respects. First, economically: Fascism, by increasing the exploitation of the workers, sharpens the contradictions between the masses' producing and buying powers, and this tends definitely to weaken the economic basis of the capitalist system. But Thomas believes the opposite to be the case—that fascism has actually strengthened capitalism economically by overcoming its internal economic contradictions. This is what he has in mind when he writes typically that "Collectivism under the totalitarian state may give the workers more or less security, health, and amusement. . . ." Manifestly, fascism could do this only by overcoming the basic flaws in the capitalist system, the industrial crises, unemployment, low wages, etc. Thomas' theory, in substance, amounts to an acceptance of the claims made by fascists that fascism constitutes the cure for the economic weakness of capitalism.

Second, Thomas further lends fascism an appearance of vast strength by giving it a mass base far wider than it actually has. He starts out by adopting the fascist theory that fascism is "a lower middle-class dictatorship." He denies that fascism is dominated by and serves the interests of finance capital, and to prove his contention, he quotes approvingly the reactionary Calvin B. Hoover as follows: "Hitler's victory has been a crushing defeat for capitalism"; and E. Heimann, who says, "with the exception of a few armament factories, it is not the big corporations that benefit the most from German fascism but the middle and small ones." Thomas then adds his comment that "The German industrialists who helped Hitler to power miscalculated. They thought they could use him and his movement." This nonsense he writes despite the deluge of reliable statistics which show conclusively that it is precisely the big capitalists in Germany who are profiting by fascism and that the smaller business and professional elements are being crushed by the unprecedented growth of monopoly.

Having thus glibly given the middle class to fascism, Thomas tries similarly to turn over the working class. Now, when Hitler smashed the German workers' political parties, trade unions, and cooperatives, and liquidated the bourgeois-democratic government, it was not only to forestall the advancing revolution but also to drastically worsen the workers' existing conditions. Under Nazism, real wages have been cut at least 20 percent, the workday has been lengthened, new speedup methods have been introduced, and the whole body of social-insurance legislation has been slashed.

But Thomas ignores all this. On the contrary, he appears to be struck by the things Hitler has done "for" the workers, not "to" them. He makes the amazing statement that: "The people, except the unfortunate Jews and the critics of the regime, are taken care of. Nazism and fascism generally cannot afford to be so careless of the sick, the unemployed, and the underprivileged as was *laissez-faire* or finance capital in its heyday." Hitler and Goering could put their stamp of approval upon that passage. Thomas also elaborates on the good things that fascism has brought to the Austrian workers, "out of funds taken from non-Aryans and others of the bourgeoisie."

Fascism, by crass demagogy and terrorism,

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has won or forced into its service large numbers of the middle class and even considerable of the more backward sections of the working class; but it is false to say that fascism is shielding the interests of these masses at the expense of big capital. Just the reverse is the case.

From his erroneous theories that fascism is curing the economic contradictions of capitalism and that it is protecting the interests of the proletariat and middle class, Thomas draws the equally false conclusion that fascism has anti-capitalist tendencies. He even broadly hints that it may gradually evolve into Socialist democracy. He is sure, however, that bourgeois democracy can never be restored in fascist countries, and as for the Socialist revolution, it is virtually impossible, being only thinkable as the accompaniment of a long, devastating war. But as he has already told us that in the event of a great war there would everywhere be a growth of totalitarian, anti-Socialist states which would crush out all liberty, he has thus pretty well slammed shut all doors against the Socialist revolution. The only practical conclusion to be drawn from his argument is that fascism is impregnable.

Repudiation of the Soviet Union: Having built up fascism as virtually unconquerable, Thomas proceeds further to develop his theory that "Socialism is on the defensive [defeated]" by eliminating, one after another, the three main phases of mass struggles as factors in the fight for democracy and Socialism which I have noted above: the Soviet Union, the People's Front, and the world democratic struggle for peace.

In his attempt to discount the Soviet Union as a progressive factor in the building of world Socialism, Thomas starts out by giving it a certain amount of inescapable credit for some of its achievements—its great industrial advance, its broad educational system, its development of science, etc.—much as any liberal tourist might do. But this is only so much window dressing: Thomas soon displays his real stock in trade—an elaborate collection of belittlements, perfectionist criticism, misrepresentations, half-truths, and downright lies well worthy of the Hearst press.

Thomas says, "Socialism has not been established in the Soviet Union." Furthermore, "Russian development . . . today . . . is not toward, but away from, the Socialist ideal of a fellowship of free men." Like every anti-Soviet writer, Thomas identifies the Soviet state with the fascist totalitarian regimes. He also declares there is a regrowth of classes in the Soviet Union, largely because of Stakhanovism. And "If Russia is democratic," says he, "the word democracy has lost its meaning." Moreover, he says, the Russian masses are still exploited, but now by the Soviet state. The Russian trade unions are like company unions, and "Communist treatment of the Russian peasants and Asiatic nomads, if it should be taken as a precedent for Communist or Socialist action in other lands, would justify the most extreme agrarian opposition to any party advocating or practicing it." Thomas also slobbers over the fate of the kulaks and the Trotsky-Zinoviev-Bukharin wreckers. The Red Army he sees primarily as an instrument to keep Stalin in power, and the Soviet peace policy is just an instigation to war. And he believes that "the march towards Socialism can be resumed" only if the Communist regime is overthrown.

Thus, like Leon Trotsky, Westbrook Pegler, Isaac Don Levine, Eugene Lyons, General Johnson, and other counter-revolutionary Red-baiters, Norman Thomas shamelessly slanders the first workers' republic. But in the face of his lies stands the great Socialist reality of the Soviet Union. The Russian workers and peasants have wiped out capitalism on one-sixth of the habitable globe and in spite of incredible obstacles have built their new Socialist system. They have shown to the whole world that capitalism can be abolished and that Socialism solves all the great economic and political problems which plague humanity under capitalism—exploitation, ignorance, poverty, industrial crises, unemployment, national hatred and war. The very existence of the Soviet Union constitutes a powerful worldwide ideological offensive for Socialism. It is the backbone of world democracy, the mainstay of every liberty the world masses now have. It is giving fresh hope and courage to the oppressed millions of the earth. All this, Thomas, "Socialist" leader, would try to belie and hide, but every reactionary in the world is acutely aware of its actuality and so, increasingly, are the toiling masses of all countries.

Rejection of the People's Front: Thomas, after repudiating the Soviet Union as a positive factor for world Socialism, proceeds to show up his "Socialism on the defensive [defeated]" theory by similarly canceling out the People's Front. He makes three main points against it: that it is class collaboration, that it is merely an emergency measure, and that it is only a defensive tactic.

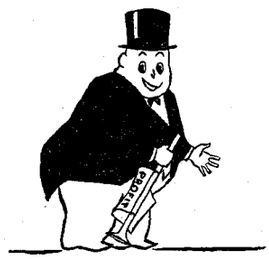
First, the People's Front is not class collaboration. Thomas' implication that it is the cooperation (subordination) of the workers with the bourgeoisie that the parties and unions of the Second International have long practiced so disastrously, is entirely false. On the contrary, the People's Front is an alliance of the toiling masses, with the workers at their head, that fights directly against the capitalists. It is a thrust straight at the heart of fascism, the main enemy of democracy and Socialism.

Second, the People's Front is not an emergency measure to defeat the threat of an immediate seizure of power by the fascists, as Thomas says. It is much more. It is the most powerful and practical political combination for the defense of the masses' interests generally in this period of capitalism, whether the fascist danger is acute or not in the given country. When Thomas rejects the democratic front in the United States on the grounds that there is no fascist emergency he tries to knock from the hands of the workers the best weapon to advance their daily demands and to prevent the rise of reaction.

Third, Thomas is profoundly in error when he says, "The Popular Front is essentially, by its very nature, a defensive tactic. . . . Its very existence, as at least a temporary substitute for the old Socialist attack on capitalism, is an acknowledgment that the aggressive has passed to an actual or potential fascism." From which wrong premise he draws the incorrect conclusion that this "defensive" weapon cannot possibly advance the cause of Socialism. While he grudgingly admits that the People's Front in France checked the advance of fascism in that country, he denies that this in any way furthered the fight for Socialism.

Such a conception shows how completely Thomas misunderstands the role and character of the People's Front. While it is true that the People's Front does defend democracy, and successfully, against the assaults of fascism, it also does far more. It goes over on to the offensive and broadens out the whole base of popular liberty, creating a new, advanced type of democracy. Its struggle against fascism weakens the main enemy of the people, big capital, and thus profoundly improves the objective conditions for the advance to Socialism.

All this is clearly seen in every country where there is a powerful People's Front movement. Take France, for example: The workers there, when they set out with the People's Front, in developing their defensive struggle against fascism, went over into a powerful counter-offensive which organized four million new trade unionists, established



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the forty-hour week, set up solid contacts between the workers, the peasantry, and professionals, and greatly strengthened the Communist and Socialist Parties—all of which constituted positive achievements for the advance to Socialism. Or take Spain: The loyalists are indeed defending the liberties of the people from the vicious attack of fascism. But if the loyalists win the war they will have delivered a body blow to the great enemy, finance capital and the big landlords, and will have built an advanced, democratic state which will offer the possibility for a speedy and (so far as internal class forces are concerned) relatively painless march forward to Socialism. Or take Mexico: Who can possibly conclude, except Norman Thomas, that the confiscation of land, railroads, oil, etc., by the Cárdenas Popular Front government constitutes only a defensive tactic? And in the United States there are also elements of the counter-offensive in the growing democratic front movement, notably the trade-union organization of the basic industries. Or, finally, take the case of China: Here again, the masses, led by the anti-fascist national united-front Chinese government (an extension of the People's Front), went into battle in defense of their very lives, liberties, and national independence. But victory for them would not result in merely restoring the *status quo ante*. It would shatter the power of the Japanese and other imperialists in China and bring about the creation of a strong and progressive democratic Chinese state, which would probably stand in close alliance with the Soviet Union. Even as the tories and fascists understand the international Socialist effect of the Soviet Union, so they also clearly perceive the constructive role of the People's Front, although it escapes Norman Thomas' attention.

Condemns the Struggle for Peace: Thomas attempts to put another prop under his shaky "Socialism on the defensive [defeated]" theory by condemning the movement of the Soviet Union and other democratic peoples for concerted peace action to assist the invaded nations and generally to restrain the fascist warmakers. This movement, according to Thomas, amounts only to a struggle between rival imperialisms and is a direct detriment to Socialism, because it leads straight to a world war in which democracy and Socialism must perish.

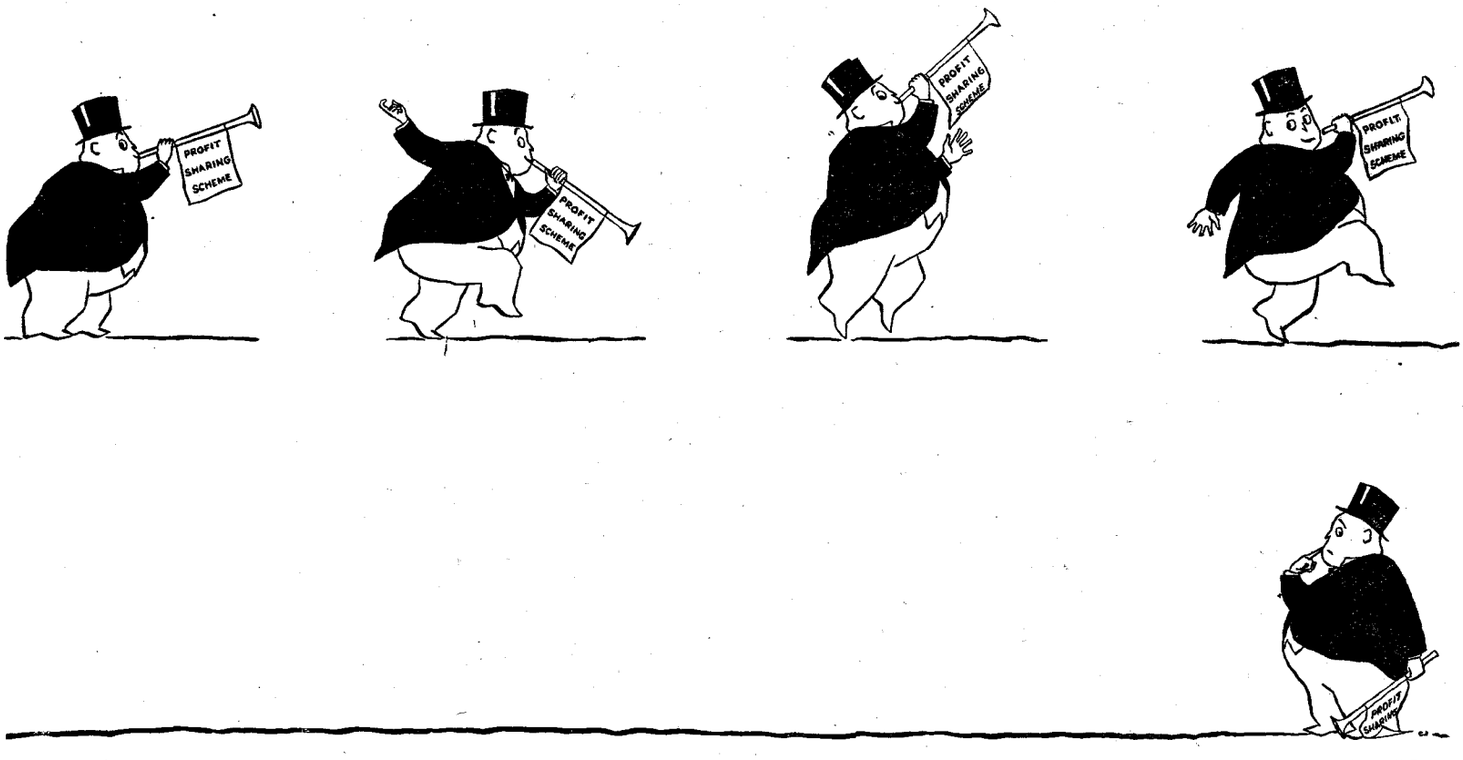
Here Thomas makes at least three basic errors. First, he is fundamentally wrong when he condemns the concerted-peace-action movement as imperialistic. The plain fact is that it is resisted and sabotaged precisely by the imperialists of all the capitalist countries. It is the democratic masses that are supporting this policy and it can only become a reality to the extent that they are able to break the power of the imperialists and can force the hand of their respective governments.

Second, Thomas ignores the fact that the world war has already begun. This is the meaning of the many armed fascist invasions of Manchuria, Spain, Ethiopia, China, Austria, Czechoslovakia, the brutal pogrom against the German Jews, the numerous fascist war plots against various countries, and the feverish armaments race all over the world. This spreading war is here, not because the movement for international concerted peace action has provoked it, but precisely because this movement has not yet been able (thanks to the sabotage of the imperialists and such people as Thomas) to mobilize the full forces of the democratic peoples and thus to hold the fascists in check.

Third, the movement for international concerted peace action, contrary to Thomas' whole conception, is not only the sole way to restore the peace of the world (which would be full justification of it), but it at the same time constructively furthers the cause of democracy, and hence, in the long run, of Socialism. Once again, the Hitlers, Mussolinis, Chamberlains, and Hoovers are quite aware of this fact, although Thomas is blind to it.

The reactionaries showed this understanding at Munich. The situation there was that after the long series of brutal fascist war aggressions in many countries and of betrayals of the collective security program by reactionary capitalist politicians, the indignant popular masses in the democracies had rallied once more, stronger than ever, for a concerted effort to save Czechoslovakia from Hitler's clutches. The peoples of the USSR, Great Britain, France, and Czechoslovakia were determined to stand together against Hitler, and the attitude of the American people was also decidedly sympathetic to such action. On the eve of Munich, Hitler faced a rapid crystallization of the forces of the democratic countries that were overwhelmingly more powerful than those of the fascist powers. He confronted the necessity of withdrawing his ultimatum to Czechoslovakia; because for him to have fought against such gigantic odds would have been to court certain military defeat, with the prospect of revolution at the end.

The British tories realized that if Hitler were forced to retreat (and retreat he must



Crockett Johnson

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without their help) this would constitute a major defeat for fascism and reaction, not only in Germany but in every other country, and that it would give a great stimulus to democratic and Socialist movements all over the world. The tories feared this democratic victory far more than they did the advance of Hitler. So they went to Hitler's rescue. Chamberlain rushed off to Munich and put through the infamous sellout, which made big concessions not only at the expense of Czechoslovakia and world peace, but also to the injury of British and French national interests.

Thus, contrary to Thomas, the movement for international concerted peace action is democratic, not imperialist; furthermore, it is the only possible way to restore peace, not a movement towards war; it is also a positive force for the development of democracy (and eventually of Socialism) by bearing within itself the potentiality of delivering a smashing defeat to the main enemy of social progress, finance capital, the organizer of fascism; and, lastly, this world peace movement, far from being killed at Munich, as Thomas and others think, will soon rise again, with greater force than ever, as the international protest against the fascist anti-Jewish pogrom now clearly indicates.

The Second International: After wiping out, to his own satisfaction at least, the three great phases of the masses' struggles against fascism—the Soviet Union, the People's Front, and the international peace movement—Thomas thus reduces the whole fight for Socialism to the activities of the Second International, or, more precisely, to those sections of that organization which oppose the USSR, the People's Front, and a determined peace policy.

Once he has performed this drastic surgery, Thomas has no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that "Socialism is on the defensive [defeated]." For when he casts his eye upon the world scene the Second International is indeed found to be on the defensive and in a bad way. It failed totally in Russia to serve as the party of Socialism; it also failed ignominiously in Germany, Italy, and Austria, although it had golden opportunities in those countries to establish Socialism had it tried to do so. In Asia and Africa the never great influence of the Second International has been almost completely extinguished, and in North and South America its once promising parties, including the Socialist Party of the USA, have largely fallen apart. Its remaining major parties, chiefly in England and the Scandinavian countries, are only hanging on and are without effective policies of their own for meeting the onslaught of fascism. It is only where the Second International parties are tending to accept the policies which Thomas so glibly condemns in his book, as in France and Spain, that they are showing any vitality.

Thomas does not see that the leadership in the fight that both defends the immediate interests of the masses and advances the cause of Socialism has passed basically from the hands of the Second International into those of the Communist International. Nor does he recognize that the great liberation struggle of the masses is now traveling along the three broad channels of the USSR, the People's Front, and the international struggle for peace.

A Program of Surrender: From his false and pessimistic analysis of the world situation and of the forces making for Socialism, Thomas formulates a program for the United States, the trend of which can be properly summed up by the one word—Surrender! He sows chaos and pessimism in the ranks of the workers by confusing the main fighting issue, by deflecting the masses from the practical struggle in defense of their immediate demands, by betraying them into the hands of the fascist warmakers, by misdirecting them away from the path to Socialism.

Thomas confuses the central fighting mass issue of today when he denies the validity of the slogan of "Democracy versus Fascism" and seeks to substitute for it that of "Socialism versus Capitalism" as the question of immediate struggle. He deliberately rejects the obvious fact that the People's Front, in defending democracy, also extends it and creates a new type of democracy which facilitates the fight for Socialism. The way he puts the question would alienate from all serious struggle the great masses who are not yet ready for a direct fight to establish Socialism. Girdler and Hearst could ask for nothing better.

Thomas further deflects the toiling masses from effective struggle in defense of their urgent daily demands by fighting the New Deal forces as the main enemy and by rejecting the democratic front on the grounds that it is an emergency anti-fascist tactic for which there is now no basis in the United States. He gives the workers no other means of defending their political interests than by voting for his microscopic Socialist Party. What a program of impotency! The practical effect of such advice would be to pull the masses out of effective political struggle and to allow the capitalists a free hand to do as they please.

On the peace question, Thomas is no less barren. His book, full of pacifist illusions, plumps for the ridiculous isolationist theory that the American people can escape the fascist warmakers simply by running away from them, by shutting themselves up within their own borders. German, Italian, and Japanese fascists, after having already violently infringed upon American national interests in various parts of the globe, are now planning and working to make warlike inroads into Latin America, which, if successful, would bring every American city within range of their airplanes. But Thomas ignores this imminent danger. He would simply bury his head in the isolationist sand. It is a policy of non-resistance, a practical invitation to the fascist war aggressors.

And when Thomas undertakes to point out to the workers the movement that will achieve world Socialism, he gives them only the dismal perspective of the Second International. But Thomas extends the workers even this faint hope without enthusiasm or conviction. After eliminating the Communist International and all its works, he says half-heartedly that out of the ranks of the Second International "may yet arise, partly from the leaven of left-wing groups, a new and more powerful Socialist synthesis than yet we have seen." That's all! This feeble conception shows that Thomas sees no victory outlook whatever for Socialism, either through the Second International or the Communist International. He really believes Socialism has been decisively defeated by fascism, and he shows many evidences of adapting himself to this hopeless outlook.

Such is the defeatist line of the semi-Trotskyite, Norman Thomas. It is this type of demoralizing stuff that has reduced the Socialist Party, under Thomas' leadership, to its present low status. During the present period, when the masses are more active politically than ever before, when the trade unions are advancing rapidly, when the Communist Party is growing steadily, and when the movements of the youth, the women, the Negroes, etc., are all making real headway, the Socialist Party goes on shrinking from year to year, until now it has become a narrow sect, confused in program, torn with factionalism, fighting against everything progressive in the labor movement, and cut down to only a fraction of its once considerable membership and influence.

Thomas' book will be well received by the capitalist journalists. They are shrewd enough to see that his spouting of radical phrases is harmless to capitalism and that Thomas' real political line dovetails with their own. They will welcome his theory that "Socialism is on the defensive," and they will not fail to draw the inescapable conclusion from his book that what he really means to say is that Socialism has been decisively defeated.

But the workers will not accept Thomas' poisonous theories and program. More and more his words fall on deaf ears, so far as they are concerned. Increasingly, the great masses, as well as the conscious minority who really believe in the final victory of Socialism, will fight along the three main channels of struggle against fascism and towards Socialism, namely: first, supporting the Soviet Union and popularizing its Socialist achievements; second, strengthening the democratic front and all the mass organizations that go to make it up; and third, developing the united-front peace struggle of the working class and the democratic peoples of the world to restrain the fascist warmakers and to defend the attacked peoples of Spain, Ethiopia, China, Austria, and Czechoslovakia.

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Francesco's an Aryan

Il Duce Can Do Anything

MARIO MICHELE

UNTIL one Thursday night, last summer when Francesco Martino dropped off to sleep, he was quite an ordinary person who thought that only God could make an Aryan. In his twenty-nine years of living he had supposed that, along with Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, Machiavelli, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and a few other obscure ne'er-do-wells, he belonged to a lowly Mediterranean race.

Francesco's parents came from a section of Italy once invaded by Phoenicians, Saracens, and Carthaginians who settled down, intermarried, and bought a little real estate. His parents were proud of the fact that one of their ancestors was a general of Saracen blood who achieved fame by leading armies against the invading German barbarians. As children, Francesco and his brother used to refer to him as Uncle Semetico and play games with tin soldiers to show how Uncle Semetico licked the enemy. . . .

On the morning of that memorable July day Francesco woke with a bad hangover and memories of a dream about a mustached housepainter who pursued him with a brown-dipped paint brush. There was a terrible banging at the door. It was a Western Union boy. The telegram was from a German girl who lived uptown, and read: YOU ARE NOW AN ARYAN. CONGRATULATIONS. FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE YOUR FAVORITE NEWSPAPER. YOUR BLOOD-SISTER, HILDA.

He was dumbfounded; his hands and legs trembled with excitement. He walked to the mirror, looked at his swarthy features, his Phoenician nose, and his Carthaginian chin and then telephoned for the New York *Times*. With his own Saracen eyes Francesco saw on the front page in bold letters that all Italians were now Aryans. There was no doubt about it. The Rome papers said so, the professors said so, and now Benito Mussolini said so. He was an Aryan—for the first time in his life. He began to feel his rounded shoulders snapping back into line, his knees stiffening, and for a moment he thought he was going to break into a goose-step.

The first thing he did was to phone his parents long-distance and tell them about the new state of affairs. His mother was a little slow in catching on to the news. When she finally understood, she let out a long whoop and ran to tell the neighbors.

"Won't they be envious when they hear the news," she said.

His father, who always feels sentimental about the family tree, wanted to know whether that made Uncle Semetico an Aryan too.

"Il Duce can do anything," Francesco said. "If there is any doubt about Uncle Semetico, he'll get some professor to fix that up."

His youngest sister wanted to know if her dog Fido was an Aryan too. He told her that from now on she would have to keep Fido away from the non-Aryan dogs in the neighborhood, assuring her that with an old Italian name like "Fido" there was no doubt about his Aryanism.

At the office he telephoned a few friends to tell them how things were with him now, and promised to make them honorary Aryans. Some were obviously jealous and told him to go climb his family tree. Most of the morning he spent in deep Aryan meditation. Whenever the telephone rang, Francesco would simply announce that "this is Aryan Martino speaking." So impressed were his callers that this would usually end the conversation right then and there. Once his reverie was interrupted by his boss who asked, "What's the matter with you this morning?" Francesco told him. The boss was obviously delighted, and kept making gurgling noises in his throat. Francesco thought it was a good chance to ask him for a raise but on second thought decided he would not contaminate his first day as an Aryan with such Marxian, materialistic ideas.

He lunched with Hilda, his blood-sister, who kept squeezing his hand and telling him that as a fellow Aryan he could now have all the dates he wanted with her. The food did not taste as good as it usually did, but Hilda explained that undoubtedly Francesco's metabolism was in the process of changing. She predicted that in a few days all his tastes would change and he would become an extraordinary individual, like all other Aryans.

"Wait till you find yourself burning books," she said. "You'll love it."

Hilda had to get back to the office but Francesco decided to take the rest of the day off and celebrate. He wound his way to the nearest bar. His natural Aryan exuberance made him declamatory. He waved the clipping from the *Times* as he spoke, interspersing his comments with "Hoopla, I'm an Aryan!" The bartender was a common Spaniard—he couldn't be expected to understand. The next thing Francesco knew he was on his ear in the open air. A policeman was standing over him saying, "It's all right, buddy, some of my best friends are Aryans." Just the same he took him to the station. The judge was obviously an Aryan of the Nordic variety. Francesco tried to tell him he was his blood-brother. The judge cocked an eyebrow and made a phone call. . . .

Francesco, since they took him out of the wet sheet in which they had him wrapped, is fairly happy. He meets other very interesting guests of the hotel at which he is stopping. He has met Abraham Lincoln, King Arthur, and Napoleon. He was somewhat surprised when he met Napoleon in the afternoon to find him short, and reddish as to hair; from their meeting in the morning he had remembered him as tall and dark. But he put it down to the general confusion existing in his mind. He doesn't remember clearly how he came to the hotel, or why. But they show him a great deal of deference when he tells them he is an Aryan, and he is quite pleased.

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Sabotaging Nazism

WIDESPREAD working-class opposition to the new Goering plan, now in the course of composition, is making itself felt in Germany, according to reports reaching here.

Indicative of this is the notice posted up in the Goering factory by the management promising "the severest punishments to any workers found holding up production in the way recently noticed." In an important Rhineland factory the following bulletin has been stuck up on the walls throughout the factory: "We are compelled to bring to your notice," it reads, "a number of unpleasant facts which are holding up the execution of the Four Year Plan." The chief fact cited is that "for some mysterious reason the machines are frequently being held up. It appears that there are deliberate acts of sabotage being carried out."

At the same time a number of workers engaged on the construction of fortification works on the German equivalent of the Maginot Line, the Siegfried Line, have been arrested. Among them are a number of plasterers from the Aix-la-Chapelle district who are alleged to have taken part in the widespread "go slow" movement in progress there. Instructions for this movement were spread from worker to worker by means of the old proverb: "He who goes slow goes far."

One of the most popular of the little "stickybacks" now to be seen throughout the farming country is the one which reads: "Peasants, destroy the brown parasites ravaging our fields."

On the walls of engineering factories and throughout the industrial towns there are other "stickies" bearing the inscription, "Collections for what? Winter Aid or War!" These have appeared on engineering factories of Düren, Junkers, Lommersdorf, and Monschau.—FRANCE MONDE, *news bulletin published in Paris.*

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School for Workers

Fifteen Years of Socialist Education

RICHARD H. ROVERE

A YOUNG lumberjack and his wife, living and working in the Idaho timber country, knew that something was wrong. They learned it from newspaper headlines, from the misery all about them, from the tales old Wobblies told. From someone they heard that a magazine called the *American Mercury* had a good deal to say about conditions, so they bought a copy of the *Mercury*. In it they found an argument against an article that had appeared in another magazine, NEW MASSES. The article, as described, sounded better than the argument against it—so they subscribed to NEW MASSES. In NEW MASSES' advertising columns they saw a notice of the Workers School, which claimed to give workers like themselves the groundwork necessary for making the kind of world they had been reading about.

So the young couple left the lumber camps and went to a wild, uninhabited part of the state where they staked a claim on some unused land. There they started to raise anything in the way of vegetable and animal life that would sell rapidly enough to enable them to come East for a session of the Workers School. In the early autumn of 1937 they began the trek to New York, and they arrived in time for the opening of the summer day-session. For six months they listened to lectures, read books and pamphlets and newspapers, marched on New York's militant picket lines, and soaked themselves in the labor movement generally. Now they are back in Idaho organizing the lumberjacks into trade unions and Communist Party units.

That, in essence, is the story of the Workers School. For fifteen years it has been a training ground for leaders in the working-class movement, an academy of Socialism. Workers come to it to deepen their understanding of the problems facing their class and to supply the fundamentals of education denied them by capitalism; professionals and middle-class people come to learn what the workers already know. And so well has the Workers School performed this dual educational function that in fifteen years its registration has grown from forty-six to around ten thousand.

The problems of the Workers School differ greatly from those of almost any other educational institution in the country. In the first place, none of its students are able to give full time to their studies. They come, most of them, to classes after a long day in the factory or behind a desk, or, in some cases, they steal two or three hours from their duties as housewives to sandwich a class or two between the preparation of meals. This means, of course, an added task for student and instructor, for both must supply an extra drive to work up the attentiveness and single-mindedness that real study requires.

In this sense the Workers School faces a problem familiar to all who have been associated with part-time education or night schools of any kind. But in this case there is another complicating factor to test the initiative of the instructor. The average school or college curriculum is based on a series of sharply graduated divisions of training and experience. Students are not permitted to take one course until they have shown, by passing certain prerequisite courses, that they have some fundamentals which the teacher is able to assume when planning his work. Not so in the Workers School. Imagine, if you will, a course which includes as students Albert Maltz, winner of the O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story of the year, and an immigrant worker whose schooling abroad stopped before he was twelve and whose mastery of English is just sufficient to enable him to understand the simplest language in which the instructor is able to put his most complex ideas. Or think of the difficulties of conducting a course with four sailors, six clothing workers, a newspaperman, two housewives, three college students, a barber, and an undertaker.

These conditions tax the resources of students and instructors, but in the end, the people at the Workers School maintain, they have their own reward. Fifteen students with fifteen different bodies of experience comprise a far more interesting group than a class at Yale, say, where all the students come from upper-middle-class homes and half got their training at Andover—and the other half at Groton.

What is true of the student body is also true of the faculty. The Workers School has its share of M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s and Phi Beta Kappas, but it also has faculty members with as little formal schooling as many of the students. It has Meyer Weise, for example, whose scholastic training ended when he was seven years old. Weise, dressmaker by day, teaches Marxism-Leninism and Political Economy two or three evenings a week. What he now teaches others he taught himself as a newsboy, tailor's messenger, candy peddler, wireless operator, and clothing worker, in Poland, Rumania, Canada, and the United States, and he numbers among his enthusiastic students several who have had the best training our universities can offer.

The foundations of the curriculum at the Workers School are the courses in Principles of Communism, Political Economy, and Marxism-Leninism. There is a new demand for general courses in American history and its subdivisions, such as the Civil War courses under the direction of Elizabeth Lawson. These are the things workers need most to make themselves effective Communists and organizers, and they are the classes with the largest enrollments. But beyond that there is a demand for subjects not so central to the purpose of the school. There are courses in literature by Angel Flores, courses in law and science and journalism and psychology.

In educational method and theory the Workers School is as advanced as the most progressive of colleges. Only a few institutions—Sarah Lawrence, Bennington, Bard and New College of Columbia, and, to some extent, Yale and Harvard—have managed to break away from the old alternating lecture and recitation system that has always dogged American education. But since its inception, director A. Markoff told me, the heads of the school have felt that the wisest course was to shift the responsibility to the student, to make him responsible for his own education. So the Workers School uses a sort of Socratic method in which the function of the teacher is more that of a guide than of an *ex cathedra* pundit. He may lecture for a time, but his main emphasis is on joint discussion.

Despite the fact that the school has to fit its regular activities into the spare time of both students and instructors, it, like other schools, conducts a number of extra-curricular activities. Through a student council it conducts Saturday afternoon and Sunday evening forums at which there are lectures on special subjects and analyses of the week's news. The students put out their own paper, the *Bulletin*, and regular dances are held. The Ruthenberg Library, named after Charles E. Ruthenberg, first secretary of the Communist Party, is a complete collection of the literature of labor and Socialism, the largest of its kind in the country.

On December 16 the Workers School will hold its fifteenth-anniversary celebration in Mecca Temple in New York. Earl Browder, Marc Blitzstein, Anna Sokolow and her group, the Chernishevsky dancers, and a number of others will express their gratitude for the part the Workers School has played in the left-wing movement in this country. Earl Browder, in his report to the Tenth Convention of the Communist Party, gave a fitting summation of what he, and hundreds of others who have attended the school or followed its work, feel about it:

> This year marks the fifteenth anniversary of our Workers School, a tremendously important institution, the work of which has played quite a role in making such a convention as this possible; it has blazed the way for the great crop of schools that are growing up all over our country. We should prepare to give a fitting anniversary celebration to the Workers School, to show how much we appreciate it and understand what it has done.

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Readers' Forum

Why Are Books Expensive?

To New Masses: I'm writing to register a protest and I think I have a right to do the same. So please listen.

I have in front of me the November 1 issue of New Masses, which I've been lucky enough to get hold of here in Mexico. I go through this magazine from cover to cover because one doesn't often get hold of it here and if I want to know what's going on in this turbulent world of ours, I just have to read it all.

Well, I come to page 22, entitled "Review and Comment" and subtitled "Lincoln Steffens." I go through this review and I eat it up because I read his *Autobiography* and I loved it and also learned to love the man.

But to go on. This review lauds this new book of *Letters* to the sky and Michael Gold certainly knows how to laud a book (and vice versa). Well, I'm sold on the book and I put it on my "must" list for when I get back to the States and start working again (if I find a job).

Suddenly the price hits me between my two eyes—$10. I object, and damn it all, if Steffens were alive he'd object too. If he became a Communist as his last letters said he did, and if he felt those letters had something to teach the people, he would have seen that no Harcourt, Brace & Co. would sell his stuff at $10 for two volumes. He'd want the books to get in the hands of the right people, and those are the ones who can least afford it. Yes, he'd have them printed at a price at which Joe Worker could buy them.

Now I'm a Joe Worker even though I quit my job after working a year and a half and saving $125, to come down for five or six months to learn there is more to this world than New York City. And as a Joe Worker, being that I can't afford these volumes, I'll be frank with you and ask you straight: I'd like to read *The Letters of Lincoln Steffens,* and would you be good enough to make me a present of the set? And so I close, in fraternal spirit, hoping you'll take the criticism and request in good part.

Mexico City. Victor Sklaire.

To New Masses: Thank you for the opportunity to comment on the letter from Mexico about the published price of *The Letters of Lincoln Steffens.* The figures on this publishing venture are as follows:

	Per Set
Production cost of first printing (3,700 sets)	$2.15
Royalty cost	1.50
Advertising allowance	.60
Editorial, rent, and other general publisher's overhead covering some forty categories of expenses	1.25
Cost per set	$5.50
Average wholesale price per set	5.80
Net profit per set	$0.30

So far 1,342 sets have been sold. If a second edition is called for, the cost of production will be reduced to about $1.10 per set, depending on the number printed, and the publisher's net profit will be correspondingly increased on copies sold of subsequent editions.

Our experience indicates that in the development of the sale of the various editions of a really important book, a fair price in relation to costs never seriously limits the sale. That is, your correspondent would probably be as effectively stopped by a price of $5 or $6 for this set of books as by the proper price (based on costs and investment) of $10. We should guess he might be tempted to buy the work at, say, $2 the set, a little less than the bare cost of typesetting, paper, printing, and binding of the first edition. Though on this point his letter would be more convincing if he had listed the last half-dozen books he had bought (not borrowed) at what he considers cheap prices.

We are making many experiments with cheap editions of standard books (see the enclosed list) where first costs have been absorbed by the original editions at regular prices, where the authors accept a greatly reduced royalty, and where proved popularity assures a large enough sale to justify printing large editions.

We hope public favor will in the course of time make such a procedure possib with *The Letters of Lincoln Steffens,* but our e erience would indicate it will be several years efore such an experiment is possible. It was possi le with *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens,* a onsiderably shorter book, which was originally pul ished in two volumes at $7.50 the set, and th current price of which, seven years after public ion, is $1.69.

Harcou T, Brace & Co.

To New Masses: The irratic ality of book publishing under capitalism h s its perfect illustration in the price of the Stef ns letters. If these letters are to be read, as Mr. Sklaire points out, the retail price *must* be com ensurate with the incomes of 90 percent of the pop lation. It is equally true that if Harcourt, Brace & Co. are to stay in business in contemporary Amer an capitalism they *must* publish the letters in two olumes at $10.

Having had considerable exp rience in the publishing business, I was interest l in the way Harcourt, Brace attempted to solve e publishing problem which the Steffens letters resent. Using their own method of estimating costs and their own figures—which do not seem to me o have been rigged for the occasion—I calculate th at on a first printing of 3,700 copies in a one- olume format they would show a loss of 40 cents a copy at a retail price of $5, a loss of 16 cents copy at $6, and a profit of 20 cents a copy at 7.50. These figures are based on a production cost or a single volume (of larger overall size) of $1.6 , royalty of 15 percent of the retail price, and a advertising allowance of 10 percent and an ove head of 25 percent of the average wholesale pric which on a work of this kind can safely be esti ated at 60 percent instead of 58 percent of the ret l price.

At first glance it would seem since the publisher's profit on a one-volume editior at $7.50 is only a third less than his profit on a two-volume edition at $10, that the lower price w uld so increase the volume of unit sales that the ag regate profit would be larger. But such is not the case. A single volume of Steffens' letters (or the etters of an equivalent personality) at $7.50 will not sell as well as two volumes at $10. At either price the sale will be, for the most part, to those who buy books for reasons other than the desire to read them. For such as these, two volumes c stitute a more impressive gift item, contribute ore to living-room *décor,* and are not as fatiguing to hold in the hand. Wherefore the retailer, who akes $4 on a two-volume edition at $10 and $3 on a single volume at $7.50, favors the former.

Harcourt, Brace hope, as would any experienced publisher, to make the real killing on a subsequent one-volume edition. With the costs of composition and plates paid for, such a subsequent one-volume edition will sell for from $3.50 to $5 according to whatever they think the traffic will bear at the time they bring it out. *When* they have exhausted this further market, and *if* this particular title still shows life, they *may* issue a cheap edition at $1.69 as they have done with Steffens' *Autobiography* and other popular titles. They will not issue either of these subsequent editions, however, unless they feel reasonably sure that it will be financially profitable to do so. Hence the audience which most wants to read Steffens' letters may never be able to, for almost all the libraries have had their appropriations for new books pared down very close to zero. Class favoritism and class occlusion amounting to censorship, though primarily unintended, can here be seen to be automatically at work.

The ethics and rationality of all this are disreputable, but are necessary to the survival of any publishing firm. Even so, the overwhelming majority of publishers do not survive, do not know why they don't, and do not want to learn. The reasons and facts explaining these phenomena can be found, in detail, in a paper I wrote for the second Writers Congress entitled "The Tragedy of Literary Waste" and now published in the book *The Writer in a Changing World* (price $2, which is also too high). The kernel of the matter is simply this: in capitalist society books are published in order to make a profit and not in order that they may be read. This means, of course, that the social sanction is bestowed upon financial and not upon intellectual profit. In a rational society, such as the Soviet Union's, the reverse is the case.

New York City. Henry Hart.

Dear Joe Worker: I agree with you. I have agreed with you for too many years to count. Few books in this country have ever sold more than a million copies. For a population of 130,000,000, this means that we have only a small minority that reads books.

But Americans are as literate and intellectually curious as Frenchmen, Russians, Bulgarians, or Spaniards. It is the price of books that now stands between American authors and the American nation. How to solve it, I don't know. The publishers don't know. Harcourt, Brace are honest publishers, and are telling the truth. They do have to charge $10 for two big books in order to live as publishers. But maybe publishers are still in the cockroach stage of capitalism. Maybe we need publishers with a capital of $20,000,000 or so, who would own their own forests and paper mills, their own printing plants and binderies. Henry Fords of publishing, in brief. But then when you got that, you would undoubtedly lose the independence and breadth of the small publishers. Would a publishing Henry Ford (or Hearst or Roy Howard) print Lincoln Steffens at any price? So maybe we will have to wait for a Socialist state to make good books as cheap and easy to get at as movies are today. Meanwhile, Modern Age books are a brave attempt at cheaper books. Maybe we also need a Left Book Club, such as they have in England, with some sixty thousand intelligent readers who don't have to choose between buying the baby shoes or buying another book, as our Joe Workers must in the United States. Every social-minded writer has felt as badly as you about this problem, Joe. Some of us would go out and work our heads off to get books to the people if we knew how it could be done. I still don't see any final answer but Socialism, but one hates to wait. After all, even today it is possible to see some mighty fine movies for a quarter. Joe Worker, you are the guy, I think, who will finally have to solve this thing for the publishers and authors. Let me hear from you.

New York City. Michael Gold.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Mark Sullivan's Creative Memory

MARK SULLIVAN, the *Herald Tribune's* goblin writer whom *Time* likes to think of as a pundit, could not have written a more revealing autobiography (*The Education of an American*. Doubleday, Doran & Co. $3.50.) if he had set out deliberately to muckrake himself. Of course, he never intended it to be so, but it's all there: his smugness, his lack of humor, his clumsy pomposity, his sentimentality about farm life, his arrogant pride in himself, his absurd and banal attempt to be philosophical, his crafty writing, and his constitutional inability to tell all the truth. In short, the book, like Mark Sullivan himself, is a fraud.

Thirty years ago, when muckraking was entering its twilight, Mark Sullivan was the journalistic spearhead of the progressive movement. He badgered corrupt politicians, started the drive which broke Cannon's czar-like rule in Congress, fought valiantly for labor, hammered unmercifully the trusts and "malefactors of great wealth," scorched the U. S. Supreme Court, and sneered at "the smug and respectable New York *Times*." Once he went so far as to say with great vehemence:

> The truth is, the Republican Party, dominated by the self-perpetuating leadership which met at Washington (a leadership which the voters of the party cannot shake off) deserves to die and it is the duty of good citizens to help destroy it. [*Collier's Weekly*, Jan. 3, 1914.]

Today he is the most conservative of syndicate columnists. A worshiper of the Supreme Court and a rabid hater of labor and the New Deal, he now champions the monopolistic corporations and Mayor Frank Hague.

In his autobiography he makes a vicious and utterly ridiculous attack on Lincoln Steffens, both professionally and personally. Sullivan says:

> He was called a great reporter. In his younger, obscure newspaper days he may have been, but in his better known writings I rarely saw a paragraph that I would have called great reporting. Hardly would I have called it reporting at all. Some of the articles that made him famous, his accounts of political corruption in cities, seemed to me to be primarily not reporting at all, and not objective at all, but at once psychic and subjective. He probed into, or surmised, the inner mind and motives of a mayor or boss; then he wrote what Lincoln Steffens thinks about what Lincoln Steffens conceives to be the mind of the mayor of Minneapolis, or Philadelphia, or wherever.

These sentences can only be genuinely amazing to anyone who has read Steffens' muckraking articles in the old *McClure's*. Steffens was at all times objective, even scientific, and from his study of municipal corruption was able to predict successfully the form corruption took in state, national, and international government. His articles were, if anything, fact-ridden and he never was refuted, nor did he pay out one cent in libel. The outline of corruption which Steffens traced has never been successfully challenged. Every Grand Jury investigation of today, the Hines trial in New York, and the Bok probe in Philadelphia are pointing out the same lines of corruption in city government which Steffens mapped thirty years ago. One gets an idea of what kind of a reporter Mark Sullivan is from the two sentences which follow the above quotation: "His fame lived until his death, in 1937. Nothing he wrote afterward *(The Shame of the Cities)* attracted widespread attention."

Steffens' *Autobiography* was only a best-seller for many months during the dark days of 1931, at $7.50. He died in 1936, not 1937. And anyone who examines the construction of the above sentences can see that Mr. Sullivan might well take a few lessons in English before he starts belittling Steffens as a writer.

What could give a clearer picture of the depth and range of Mark Sullivan's mind than these sentences:

> I saw Steffens often, talked with him much, but never had understanding with him or of him. I felt that when one tried to hold him down to any orderly sequence or logical argument he took refuge in some evasive, grinning paradox. It was on one repartee of evasive paradox that some of his later fame rested—I tell the incident from memory: Asked by a finger-pointing inquisitor, "Are you a Communist?" he replied, "Oh, much worse —I'm a Christian." To me it seemed that so far as he had any philosophy it was fatalism, which is not a philosophy at all; it is an acknowledgment of an inability, it is intellectual defeatism.

Malman

Anyone who has read Steffens' work knows he was far from being a fatalist and a defeatist. He was the extreme opposite. Indeed, Sullivan could hardly have made a more inaccurate description of Lincoln Steffens. Steffens spent his whole life trying to make men think, to see and comprehend all things. In doing so, he often resorted to just such paradoxes as the one related above, which obviously annoyed Sullivan. Being righteous, Sullivan, of course, cannot see it could be worse to be a Christian in the real sense than a Communist. Mark Sullivan has been so busy all his life trying to be righteous and logical that he never had time to think—or see.

About Steffens personally, Sullivan is particularly vicious, declaring that he always felt Steffens to be a "poseur," an "egotist and a frustrated dictator." And he makes an inference that by comparison Ida M. Tarbell, Burton J. Hendrick, and Ray Stannard Baker were "kindly, tolerant, modest, gently humorous." When I first read this libel, I was a little angered, for I have just finished reading Steffens' kindly, tolerant, modest, gently humorous *Letters*. But now I think it all uproarious comedy, for Steffens' *Autobiography* and letters are widely known and will become increasingly respected as the years go on. The picture of Mark Sullivan hitting himself on the head is beautiful.

Lack of space does not permit me to go into the many outright falsifications which Sullivan makes when he attempts to tell of the quarrel which split Robert Collier, Norman Hapgood, and himself. He insists the quarrel was between Hapgood and Collier. Nominally, this is true, but that quarrel was precipitated by a note which Sullivan wrote to Collier, Oct. 8, 1912, in which Sullivan charged that Hapgood's editorials were "either Brandeis-inspired or Brandeis-written." Pleading for Collier to shut Hapgood up, he wrote, "I have been with you now for nearly seven years and have never asked you to intervene. I now ask you very earnestly to intervene." The quarrel, which had been going on between Hapgood

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and Sullivan, then began between Robert Collier and Hapgood. Hapgood always felt that Sullivan had started it with the idea of getting his job as editor. He never spoke to Sullivan again, mentioned his name only in a list of contributors to *Collier's* in his autobiography. He did, however, reconcile his differences with Collier and they resumed their friendship. Sullivan, of course, does not mention his note to Collier which started the whole business. William Allen White, reviewing Sullivan's autobiography in the *Saturday Review of Literature,* says, "He writes beautifully and with affectionate understanding of the quarrel which broke up the triumvirate in armor." Yes—with most of the affectionate understanding for Mark Sullivan.

Probably the most outstanding fabrication in the book is Sullivan's account of how he came to leave *Collier's,* which had been taken over by Lee Higginson & Co. Writing of Fred W. Allen, the banker's representative, he says:

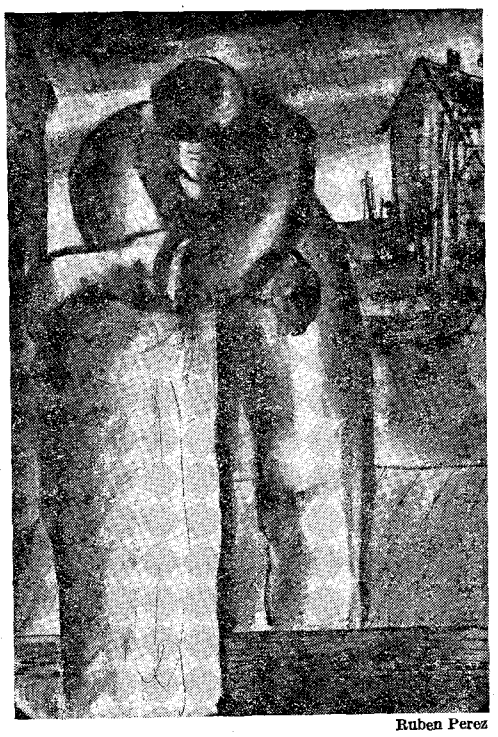
> During the Great War, Allen became one of the group of business men who went to Washington to help direct the material side of our participation. When issues arose within the group, or between the group and President Wilson, Allen took the strongly conservative side. He felt, for example, that there should be no limitation on prices; that prices and profits were, in wartime as in peace, the reward and incentive to initiative and accomplishment; that, therefore, by letting prices go where they would, the largest amount of war materials would be produced in the shortest time, the war would be best fought and quickest won.
>
> On this and other matters we differed. I knew that many of my editorials grieved him, that he had to endure reproach from his business associates because of them. . . . Finally, with the completest good feeling, acting honestly in my interest as much as in any other, he asked me if I would not be happier relieved from responsibility. . . . I agreed.

Pipe-dreaming would be a mild word for the above statement. Throughout the war Sullivan viciously attacked La Follette and his group for their stand, their insistence that if human lives were conscripted for war, then wealth also should be conscripted. In 1925 he wrote in his Harvard class' twenty-fifth report:

> I was not engaged in any formal war work, but I should like to feel that my instant advocacy of our participation, and my steady pressure for it, beginning with the outbreak of the war in August 1914, through the columns of *Collier's Weekly,* of which I was the editor, was a help.

Furthermore, he fought all movements in Congress to investigate war-profiteering, even after the war.

It may be that banker Allen was kind in asking Sullivan to leave; but Sullivan does not tell the real reason why he was asked to go. He infers with his typical craftiness that it was because he was not a warmonger. The real reasons why he was asked to resign are contained in a brief entitled "Some Facts Concerning the Evolution of *Collier's Weekly,*" which Robert J. Collier presented to the directors of the firm, Nov. 21, 1916. This document, while it told the entire history of the



Ruben Perez

magazine, was in reality an indictment of Mark Sullivan, and was so heavily documented that the bankers who controlled the magazine could not avoid dismissing Sullivan as editor. In it Robert Collier told his reasons for not having appointed Sullivan as Hapgood's immediate successor:

> My reasons for not appointing Sullivan editor seemed good to me at that time, and appear more valid today. They were these:
>
> (a)—That he did not have the intellectual equipment to be editor of *Collier's.*
>
> (b)—That I had private reasons to doubt his loyalty.
>
> (c)—That I did not believe that *Collier's* should be at the mercy of any one man even before the rupture with Hapgood.
>
> From September 1915 to the present (1916) there has been a chain of incidents, some trivial in character, which show a disposition, not toward me alone, but to all live cooperation on the part of others, which to my mind disqualify Mark Sullivan from being a successful editor for *Collier's.* In Dr. Eliot's phrase, he is not possessed of a liberal frame of mind.

In the closing pages of the book there is a picture of Theodore Roosevelt, Robert Collier, and Mark Sullivan standing in a friendly, if somewhat oddly posed, group. The picture is a fake. It was originally a group picture of Roosevelt with the fifty members of *Collier's* editorial staff, but Sullivan had the staff painted out, leaving only Collier, Roosevelt, and himself. The original photograph may be found in the Feb. 4, 1911, issue of *Collier's,* on page 10. This act is characteristic of Sullivan and his autobiography; he's tried to paint out a lot of his life.

Mark Sullivan brings his autobiography to an end with his story of the quarrel which split Collier, Hapgood, and himself. At first this seemed peculiar, for that quarrel took place in 1912, some twenty-six years ago. Suddenly it was all very clear to me. It's a tacit admission by Sullivan that he's been dead these past twenty-six years.

HARRY B. HENDERSON, JR.

Military Isolationist

THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH, *by George Fielding Eliot. Reynal & Hitchcock. $3.*

IT SEEMS that high army and navy officials have been reading and profiting from *The Ramparts We Watch.* Secretary of War Woodring's recent report to the President clearly parallels the chief conclusions in Major Eliot's book. The secretary wants to make the Panama Canal "impregnable" and so does Major Eliot; others have had the same idea before but not with quite the same emphasis or as part of just the same outlook. Secretary Woodring seems opposed to the "two-fleet policy" in favor of but a single fleet which can swiftly and efficiently move from one ocean into the other through the Panama Canal as emergencies arise. Major Eliot agrees; necessarily, then, the canal and the Caribbean as a whole become crucial to our defense scheme as "the vital link in our interoceanic communications." And Mr. Woodring has asked for increases in personnel and equipment to the regular army and the National Guard, offering precisely the same reasons as Major Eliot.

The chances are, of course, that Major Eliot, having benefited from the assistance of experts in both services, reflects current professional military opinion in the United States more than he influences it, though in his opposition to greater airplane strength he clashes with a War Department proposal.

According to Major Eliot, "We cannot bring peace to a warring world; but we can keep the peace of our own part of that world." Now this is a political question rather than a military one. We may be able *to help* bring peace to a warring world and, under certain conditions, to play a very large part indeed in the total effort. And we did not keep the peace of our part of the world in 1917, the only major precedent we have to go by. Obviously Major Eliot's premise is, to say the least, disputable. Nevertheless a very large part of Major Eliot's military analysis requires an acceptance of this essentially isolationist proposition. In no sense, therefore, does this book speak simply from the military viewpoint, as its author sometimes pretends. It is shot through and through with politics of a very particular sort.

Indeed, I was struck by the extent of highly personal political opinion in the book as a whole. For example, in discussing relations between the Soviet Union and the United States, Major Eliot says nothing more than that Communist propaganda might embarrass us in a European war and that a Soviet victory over Japan "might present aspects in the Far East which would be less pleasing to us than the present conditions." Major Eliot apparently prefers a fascist East to a Communist East. But, more to the point, he utterly neglects to mention that the Soviet

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Union is our only possible ally in the Pacific and Far East. It is as deeply concerned in maintaining the Open Door as we are. It has never given the slightest indication of closing that door. What Major Eliot chooses to write is not only highly prejudicial to American-Soviet relations but demonstrably false. This may be the politics of a particular military man but it is not military politics. The same caution holds with respect to the rest of the book.

There are really two sides to *The Ramparts We Watch*. One side may be called "professional." It seeks to give the relevant information on armed forces and the strategic aspects of our defense problem. This information certainly deserves to be in the possession of every citizen no matter what his views. Major Eliot makes a conscientious effort to explain technical points for the benefit of the ordinary citizen and he succeeds very well in doing so. On the whole, Major Eliot's professional standpoint is "old-fashioned" compared to the Liddell Hart school of military thought. He is extremely skeptical of the military claims made for the airplane. He tends to put a trust in "those immutable principles which regulate the conduct of war and the orientation of military policy, and which have differed only in degree since the day of the cave-man" which the Harts distrust or deny.

The second side of his book might be called "politico-military." It concerns questions of large policy within which political issues are easily as important as military. Major Eliot believes that the United States must be defended on the sea. For this task we need an impressive navy and a good, but not a large, army. He argues against the "two-fleet policy" on grounds of effectiveness and concludes in favor of one grand fleet. It would take about three weeks to unite the fleet under any emergency, provided that the Panama Canal remained unimpaired. Hence he gives a new emphasis to the canal and suggests, from time to time, that territory now owned by other nations, such as the Bahamas, might better be under our domination. With respect to the strategic problem involved, he follows the great tradition of naval theorists dating from Admiral Mahan.

But he gets himself into some curious contradictions. Over and over again, he repeats that an "offensive policy" is required for the best defense. We must not wait until our coastal ports are being shelled by enemy gunners who are in no danger themselves. But, against this, he equally insists that we should do nothing to aid, or to prepare to aid, possible democratic allies against fascist aggressions. Here is an example of his reasoning. He assumes that Germany and Italy would be "automatic losers" in a long war against France and Britain—therefore we do not need to help the latter in a long war. But Germany and Italy might whip France and Britain with some lightning strokes before we had time to mobilize and come to the latter's assistance—therefore we cannot help them in a short war either. Ergo, no help by us in any war is possible and there is no good in trying to do the impossible.

There is a simple flaw in this reasoning. Major Eliot starts with the future war and arrives at a "do-nothing" pre-war policy. This is a fatal inversion of the proper procedure in thinking through on this problem. By dividing the democratic world, we permit the fascist axis to crush and to digest each piece in isolation. As a result, American democracy may one day be ranged against the entire world or else our democracy may go down like Czechoslovakia's because fascist victories abroad will immeasurably aid our own "fifth column."

The only alternative is to start independently with the pre-war situation and work out a policy which would prevent war or, at least, conserve our allies. This would involve participation in a democratic world front, much to Major Eliot's displeasure. It would renounce the artificial, schematic long-and-short-war alternatives because neither of these alternatives is fixed. Our pre-war action can help decide whether it is to be a long *or* a short war. And if we can assure that it will be long, there will be no war at all because, as Major Eliot contends, Germany and Italy are sure to lose that kind of a war.

The risks are all on Major Eliot's side. He would sacrifice our possible allies, as Chamberlain and Daladier sacrificed Czechoslovakia on very similar reasoning, and wait until the fascist axis had so gorged itself on other democratic victims piecemeal that it was ready to grab out at the choicest morsel of all. True, at that late date, we might have to defend ourselves at sea and we could put up a good scrap. But the pretense that "we cannot bring peace to a warring world; but we can keep the peace of our own part of that world" is shockingly untenable.

You may want to know about the state of our fighting forces, and Major Eliot has it all down in neat and simple columns. Having studied the figures, it would be best if the reader tried to make sense out of them alone.

THEODORE DRAPER.

The Trouble With Saroyan

THE TROUBLE WITH TIGERS, *by William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.*

DESPITE his egocentric approach to the universe, his stylistic idiosyncrasies, and his uncontrollable desire to be a wise guy, Saroyan's conception of literature is pointedly social. In the present collection he speaks of the movies "as a force capable of *awakening* the people," and defines the writer's job as the determination of "how much of anybody is phony and how much real, and making something of it one way or another." From

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the outset Saroyan's own work has been social in direction although more as a reflection than a clarifier of the confusion apparent among intellectuals. This fact has largely been neglected, and his technical and personal eccentricities, which are integrally related to his social ideas, have been overemphasized.

In *The Trouble With Tigers* the elements of confusion are vividly presented. Here is one side of Saroyan:

I have all the faith in the world in the undernourished, the weary and diseased and haunted. I think something can still be done about them. ["A Scenario for Karl Marx"]

If you've ever been poor in Frisco, and out of a job, you've known how it feels to get up in the morning and see before you a great city, in fog, and how it feels to be one man against the world. ["The World"]

When the rich groan about money, about expenses, about losses, let someone in the world ask, What expenses? What losses? What the hell are you talking about? Whose is it anyway? Isn't it the earth's and life's and man's? ["The People, Yes, and Then Again No"]

But there is another side:

God in Heaven, let them at least laugh once in a while. . . . Let them be together in innocence or in sin, in beauty or in ugliness. . . . But first of all give them food. Let them have dwellings. Give them a break. . . . Do it through Communism or capitalism or fascism or Christianity or willynilly. ["A Prayer for the Living"]

"What do you intend to do about fascism?" a character in "The Tiger" asks.

Fascism is one of the false words, I said. I intend to wait for it to end. It began and it must end. The true word neither begins nor ends, *is*. I intend to have a couple of glasses of beer. . . . I used to get sore once, but I don't any more because I don't know who to get sore at. It's too easy to get sore at people you never meet like Hearst and Hitler and Mussolini. I don't believe I've ever been really sore at Hearst and Hitler and Mussolini. ["O.K., Baby, This Is the World"]

Well, you comrades can call it dialectical materialism, revolution, or anything else you like, but it is actually nothing, it is certainly no more than the crazy melody, woof woof, and I'm in favor of it, although it doesn't mean a thing, and as far as I can tell never will. ["Woof Woof"]

Civilization isn't worth a dime. History watches everything, sees everything, understands nothing, forgets everything, and does nothing about anything. . . . Tonight everybody will sleep, or try to, except perhaps the soldiers in China. Some will be dead, some will be alive but unable to sleep. Who cares about anything?

Between the full, deep sympathy for the poor and willingness to participate in the struggle to liberate them, falls the shadow of middle-class security. Almost since the appearance of his earliest work, Saroyan has been unable to reconcile conflicting motives: a neurotic fear of danger and the grave risks involved in social action; a comforting transcendental sense of time and the disturbing demands of the present; a deep love of humanity and a consuming individualism. But

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these are the apparent irreconcilables which *many members of the middle classes today* are weighing. The longing for untroubled, sensuous living today clashes with a troubled awareness of increasing worldwide poverty and misery. In portraying and confessing the contrasting moods which this conflict creates, Saroyan has touched one of the critical themes of our time. Too few critics have penetrated beneath the Saroyan insouciance to this significant fact.

The present collection adds nothing, except further documentation, to Saroyan's treatment of the conflict. Among the thirty-five pieces, we find the usual cosmological "short stories," a new set of tales about Hollywood, sketches of the sadness and funniness of life, and several moving stories of poverty. The gem of the collection is a story, "Third Grade Citizens," which portrays the impact of the invasion of Ethiopia on an American school teacher and a group of Italian and Negro school children. Another story, "Some Day I'll Be a Millionaire," does an outstanding job in describing the strange feelings and forlorn hopes of an unemployed couple. As a whole, however, the stories are marred by the formlessness, the excesses, and the exaggerated mannerisms characteristic of an unsettled point of view.

Few stories suggest that Saroyan has cultivated any skill in handling dramatic materials. Most of the stories are undeveloped still-life shots. Lyrical-philosophical warblings about life constantly intrude. Saroyan the wiseacre looms everywhere—in the catch-phrase titles, the erratic characters, the absurd incidents. The highly insistent combination of an inexhaustible sense of the sad and funny, the cosmic and the commonplace, the timeless and temporal, leads to a juxtaposition of contrasts endlessly repeated. Overuse has in fact made whatever devices Saroyan has contributed to the liberation of short-story form and prose seem ineffective.

Both as a writer and a person, Saroyan's great need is for integration of the false alternatives he has long been evaluating. Since *Inhale and Exhale* he has been vividly stating the problem. He has yet to discover that personal living and satisfaction are possible within the orbit of necessary social action. To encompass this realization requires more than delicate senses and a great heart.

ARNOLD SHUKOTOFF.

Social Insurance

INSECURITY: A CHALLENGE TO AMERICA, *by Abraham Epstein. Random House. $4.*

THE volume under review is the second revised edition of Abraham Epstein's study of the philosophy and technique of social insurance as it emerges from the experiences of our industrial society in the last fifty years. The new edition is distinguished

Plate 3: Pierrot and Harlequin (Cezanne)

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for its comprehensive analysis and its uncompromisingly destructive criticism of the principles of the U. S. Social Security Act.

The author is not only one of the foremost American students of social insurance, he is also one of its front-line veteran fighters. His militant advocacy of social insurance dates from the years of the post-war reaction and the present volume is in a way a summary of the results of more than twenty years of hard thinking and determined action in his chosen field. We must add our voice to that of many others in praise of the unusual comprehensiveness and clarity of exposition of its subject matter. At the same time we must admit that we are deeply disturbed and dissatisfied with some of the implications of this study and particularly with the author's hypercritical attitude towards the efforts of the New Deal in constructing a social security program.

As Mr. Epstein points out, and as we readily admit, the New Deal Social Security program violates almost every established principle of social insurance. Despite this we know that it has been tremendously effective in arousing the American people to the battle for *real* social security and that it is one of the main rallying grounds for the forces of progressive labor and the masses generally in this battle. It is also clear that the program is the concentration point for the opposition of all the deadly enemies of social security who, unable to make a frontal assault, seek to undermine the progressive forces by hypocritical advocacy of "genuine" social security in place of the alleged fake social security of the New Deal. Now where does Mr. Epstein stand in this battle? Apparently he can see only the amazing number of deficiencies in the New Deal program, and his criticism, instead of being in a friendly and sympathetic spirit, is suffused with hostile overemphasis of its weaknesses.

With most of Mr. Epstein's objections to the social security program, we are in hearty agreement. The act, instead of setting up self-respecting minimum health-and-decency benefit standards, operates to a large degree on the private insurance principle of "the more or less you pay, the more or less you get." The result is that those who need social security most get the least; for example, the long-time unemployed, the present aged, agricultural, domestic, and migratory workers. Instead of a nationwide integrated system of unemployment insurance and relief, we have fifty-two unemployment systems, one national relief system, and a welter of local relief systems. The inevitable result has been an almost complete breakdown in the administration of unemployment insurance. Instead of being financed mainly out of excessive incomes of the wealthy, the act is financed to a very large degree out of the workers' pay checks.

Mr. Epstein's criticism of the financing provisions of the Social Security Act deserves close scrutiny. He is, on good grounds, opposed to both the worker's and the employer's payroll tax. However, he seems to us to be much more emphatic in his opposition to the latter tax than to the former. He argues

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that the employers will pass the tax on to the workers by raising prices or by reducing payrolls through technological improvements. In fact, he trots out all the stock arguments usually used to prove that workers cannot gain anything by fighting for wage increases. Fundamentally, the argument appears to be that employers can always prevent a reduction in business profits. Now no one denies that employers have ways and means which are frequently successful to prevent such reductions. But their power is limited, if not by national then by international competition, and by governmental tariff and fiscal policies. It can be further limited by monopoly legislation, consumers' cooperation, and other devices. The people, if they have a responsive government, can control the level of business profits. The division of the national income is affected by the strength of the various social classes and does not depend solely on the will of the employers. Although, as the foregoing argument indicates, we believe that the danger of the employer's payroll tax is overrated, we agree with Mr. Epstein that progressive income taxation is a much preferable alternative. We would not, however, regard the so-called "broadening of the tax base," for example, as an improvement over the employer's payroll tax.

The reserve provisions of the Social Security Act also draw heavy fire from Mr. Epstein. He explains, correctly enough, that the actuarial type of reserve of the private insurance business is out of place in a social insurance system. He sees the reserve provisions of the Social Security Act as a device to postpone payment of insurance benefits. Since they are accumulated to a large extent through taxes on workers' wages they also tend to deflate purchasing power. The idea that reserves will in future years reduce costs he regards as purely illusory.

Despite the soundness of Mr. Epstein's arguments there is a good deal that can be said for a system of reserves for old-age insurance. If this country had a stabilized distribution of its various age groups and the present aged were not discriminated against, then the proportion of the national income required for payment of old-age benefits would not vary much from year to year. But the situation in this country is that the proportion of aged is increasing very rapidly and it is inevitable that old-age insurance benefits will require an ever increasing share of the national income. The security of the social security system requires that some provision be made which will at least partly guarantee that the requisite share will be available. A social insurance reserve system, not necessarily analogous to the private actuarial systems, could be set up to help accomplish this. A prime requirement of such a system would be that the reserves be accumulated by means of progressive income taxation. Supposing the reserves were invested only in government bonds (they could be invested in real income-earning projects), the result would be to transfer a portion of the outstanding government debt, which would have otherwise been owned by private interests, to the ownership of the social security fund (i.e., to the people insured). That portion of government income which would otherwise have to be used to pay interest on the aforesaid government debt to private interests would now be available for the social security program. True, there would be no increase in the nation's real income or diminution in the real cost of the benefits of the social security program. However, under our existing institutions, there would be a very real increase in the share of the national income available for social security purposes.

It seems to us a weakness of this otherwise fine work that the author has failed to see that there is a kernel of soundness in the New Deal's idea of social insurance reserves. We cannot help feeling that here, at least, his unsympathetic attitude has affected the fairness of his appraisal.

J. ROLAND.

★

Brief Reviews

THE OXFORD ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, *edited by William Rose Benét and Norman Holmes Pearson. Oxford University Press. $6.*

In their preface to this "historical selection from the literary expression of the American people," the editors state their specific concern with *literary values.* They feel that esthetic judgment of American letters has been neglected, and that it is time to present writers as writers rather than as symptoms of deism, humanitarianism, social trends, and so on. As a corrective to the conventional assumption that we must cover up the "esthetic inferiority" of American literature by stressing its superior interest as "history," this approach is proper. There are corresponding dangers in pushing the esthetic thesis too far, of course; but the inclusion of a passage from John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World,* William Ellery Leonard's poem on Tom Mooney, and Archibald MacLeish's "Speech to Those Who Say Comrade," suggests the editors' awareness that social relevance and creative art are far from being incompatible. On the other hand, this antidote to the crude-classification type of anthology does not establish a positive critical principle which unifies esthetic and historical factors, and that is the really difficult and necessary job for the modern anthologist.

The poems of Melville and the prose of Whitman are for once adequately represented. Emily Dickinson looms larger than usual. So do Crane, James, Santayana, and Elinor Wylie. Much space is devoted to the poets of the pre-war renascence and to the story-tellers of the twenties. The editors have skillfully avoided responsibility for making selections from the younger writers of the present decade. It is disappointing to find that not one writer born since 1900 is represented.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

AMERICAN AUTHORS, 1600-1900, *edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft. H. W. Wilson Co. $5.*

This is an extremely useful one-volume biographical dictionary of American literature. Approximately thirteen hundred authors are treated in sketches which range from 150 to 2,500 words. The critical judgment of the editors is sound, for the most part; but the reader will be particularly grateful for the patience and care with which the main biographical facts have been assembled. The volume features four hundred photolithographically reproduced portraits, many of them rare and hitherto unpublished. Students, teachers, and librarians will find this a very handy desk reference.

R. M. SIMS.

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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Jim-Crow Blues

If an ebullient young man of 27 who may be seen twenty places a day standing upon his peak in Darien forcefully advertising hot music may be considered legendary, John Henry Hammond, Jr., is that paradox. Amongst the world's farflung hot fans he is the last authority. He writes for music trade journals, has represented foreign record companies like English Parlaphone, makes surprising sallies into remote provinces to hear musicians he suspects *might* be good, and he has never made a nickel out of it. Mr. Hammond has infected us with the bug and we don't mean the jitterbug, for this is music—music that commands the attention of such artists as Szigeti, Toscanini, and the Budapest String Quartet, not to mention an older suspect, Debussy. Mr. Hammond has been pleased to dispatch termites into our weakening cultural defenses, so we have asked him to write a monthly article on the matter.—THE EDITORS.

IN ABOUT two weeks NEW MASSES' own *From Spirituals to Swing* will be taking place at Carnegie Hall. This will attempt to be a survey of the very considerable contribution of the Negro to American music, and in certain departments, such as the latter half of the title, it will be a reasonably comprehensive affair. But in reading over that exciting advance blurb, I see such tempting phrases as "songs of protest," "minstrel music," etc., items which are going to be extremely difficult to deliver.

Many of us have read the excellent work songs to be found in books like Larry Gellert's anthology, but extremely few people seem to know of any groups who sing them. Some of our more sophisticated Northern choirs and choruses have skillful arrangements of them with tinkling piano accompaniments, but there don't seem to be any groups which know them by instinct and project them without the corrupting assistance of arrangements. Because a couple of us who are interested in the concert think it of great importance to secure some untrained group who can rouse the Carnegie Hall audience and demonstrate that the Southern Negro worker goes farther than the defeatism of most blues, we are going to spend most of the time before the concert scouring the Carolinas for talent.

In some ways it is tragic that an American audience could not have been found seven or eight years ago for a concert of this kind. Bessie Smith was still at the height of her career, and Joe Smith, probably the greatest trumpet player American music ever knew, would still have been able to play obligatos for her. Jimmy Harrison could have played trombone in the band, and Joe (King) Oliver, Clara Smith, the real unspoiled Louis Armstrong, and dozens of other great artists could have been there in the flesh. But that audience as well as this one would not have been able to hear Robert Johnson sing and play the blues on his guitar, for at that time Johnson was just an unknown hand on a Robinsonville, Miss., plantation.

Robert Johnson was going to be the big surprise of the evening for this audience at Carnegie Hall. I knew him only from his Vocalion blues records and from the tall, exciting tales the recording engineers and supervisors used to bring about him from the improvised studios in Dallas and San Antonio. I don't believe that Johnson had ever worked as a professional musician anywhere, and it still knocks me over when I think of how lucky it is that a talent like his ever found its way to phonograph records. At the concert we will have to be content with playing two of his records, the old "Walkin' Blues," and the new, unreleased "Preachin' Blues," because Robert Johnson died last week at the precise moment when Vocalion scouts finally reached him and told him that he was booked to appear at Carnegie Hall on December 23. He was in his middle twenties and nobody seems to know what caused his death.

In his place we are bringing in from Chicago a fine blues singer who goes under the name of Big Bill, who used to make records for Perfect and can now be found as the best seller on the Vocalion "race" series. He also plays the guitar and accompanies himself.

If there ever were a time for the color bar to crumble in the world of music, it should be right at this moment. Even the general public now accepts the Negro as unrivaled in swing, and Benny Goodman has shown that there is no public resentment to the mixing of races on the bandstand in such diverse places as Dallas, Tex., Oklahoma, Missouri, and the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York.

Charles Martin

But the Negro musician still finds himself oppressed and ostracized. Out of the hundreds and hundreds of musicians employed by radio broadcasting studios in house bands not one is a Negro. With the exception of New York City and a few isolated towns throughout the country, the AFL craft setup effectively isolates him in jim-crow unions, where he has no protection. Although in the Federal Music Project scores of exceptionally talented Negroes have been able to occupy important chairs in symphony orchestras, not one privately endowed symphony that I know of has a Negro among its members. Right now I don't believe that there is a first-class hotel in the entire country that employs either a Negro band or an individual Negro musician, for it is said that the hotel owners have formulated a definitely hostile policy towards Negro entertainment to go side-by-side with the exclusion of colored patronage.

Remember that when you see all-colored bands it doesn't necessarily mean that the individual musicians want to play together. It is merely an outgrowth of a systematic policy of segregation started by the employers and encouraged by reactionary union officialdom (with the partial—and happy—exception of New York's Local 802). The Negro musician is just beginning to realize that the important fight is to bring about the abolition of the color line in the hiring of musicians, rather than in the encouraging of more and better all-colored bands. I, for one, can assure you that the orchestras of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, and Red Norvo would be far better with the addition of good Negro musicians, and that colored bands would find themselves even more versatile if a few qualified whites were sitting in.

There are some incongruous sidelights to this whole business. New York's radio station WNEW has inaugurated an excellent series of Wednesday night jam sessions, where New York's best Negro and white music-makers sit down together and play whatever comes into their heads. The radio public realizes that there is a mixture of races and thinks it swell, as do the studio audience and the station supervisors. Yet WNEW, which has a ten-piece house orchestra, has never employed in it a single colored musician, even though its wage scale is sufficient to attract the very finest colored instrumentalist, but is insufficient to tempt the top-notch white.

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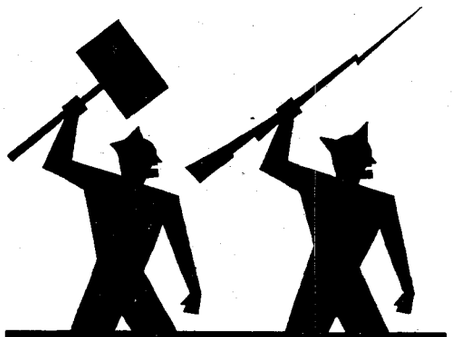

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And it is in just such places that a young aggressive group in Local 802 is going to try to establish the principle of hiring musicians by virtue of talent rather than color.

JOHN HENRY HAMMOND, JR.

Anti-Nazi Flops

PLAYWRIGHTS who tackle anti-Nazi themes must know a little something about fascism, its nature, cause, and cure.

This may seem like elementary truth number seven-and-three-quarters, but, alas, there are apparently hordes of playwrights who believe that a well developed dislike for Hitler is enough to make a good play. It isn't. Two new anti-Nazi plays, for instance, limped into the Broadway theater district last week, both clothed in noble intentions and deep ignorance. *Lorelei* came the nearest to success — and *Glorious Morning* proved to be one of the worst plays of the season, anti-Nazi or otherwise. Basically, both plays failed because their authors had neglected, at least so far as the audience could discover, to read so much as a single pamphlet on the *mores* of Nazism.

Lorelei, which, incidentally, was beautifully staged, directed, and cast, tells the story of an exiled German professor. The first act is fairly good, although slow-moving, but by the final curtain the honest professor, bogged down in Wagner and so-called German mysticism, is shown crossing the border to give himself up to the Nazis for trial and martyrdom. It seems that he wanted to save German youth by the example of his heroic death. Jacques Deval, the author, made one rather major mistake—in Germany, anti-fascists are not allowed to die publicly. This simple error messes up the whole play, for the audience can only believe that the exiled professor was either insane or a Grade-A dope—anyone else would have known better than to expect to save German youth by facing a Gestapo court. If Germany's best anti-fascist fighters (the professor wrote pamphlets for the underground movement) are constantly toying with the notion of self-immolation, Hitler is secure indeed.

But *Lorelei* fails not only because of its errors, but also because of its omissions. Mr. Deval nowhere makes clear the answer to the question, who made fascism, and why. The brave fight of exiles and underground anti-Nazis in Germany is simply not understandable in romantic terms. The devastating effects of Nazi economy on the German masses are suggested in *Lorelei*—but merely suggested. Mr. Deval has done a good job with his Nazi girl. The effect of the Hitler combination of falsehood, mysticism, and fanaticism on the minds of the romantic middle-class youth is well realized. Yet *Lorelei* adds up to little more than three acts of good intentions. The anti-fascist play of today must compete with the newspaper headlines for drama, and with day-by-day experience for truth.

But if *Lorelei* failed, at least it went down

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trying. Mr. Deval had some vague notion of what he was writing about, and his play was generously assisted by the services of Philip Merivale, who was fine in the leading role. *Glorious Morning,* on the other hand, is one of the worst turkeys of the season. It's the dreary tale of a modern Joan of Arc in Naziland. Norman Macowan, the author, was apparently afraid of stepping on somebody's toes, for he put the Joan of Arc, model 1938, into a country coyly called Zagnira. The play centers around the very important issue of denial of religious freedom in fascist countries—but Mr. Macowan pays small attention to the equally important question of starvation, lowered standards of living, war, and so on. In fact, he states in the first act that fascism has increased living standards, provided fine housing, employment, better wages, and so on.

POLITICAL SATIRE, via song, dance, and skit is, as many an amateur group has learned to its sorrow, the most difficult anti-fascist medium—and the most effective, when expertly done. The Theater Arts Committee, a professional Broadway actors' group, is back again for the winter season with its Cabaret TAC. Run, don't walk, to the soonest performance.

I saw the show last Sunday at the American Music Hall, with the festivities beginning at 5 o'clock. The Theater Arts Committee will take the show up to the Manhattan Opera House for a bigger audience (cheaper admission, too) for at least one or two performances. The audience, both at the Music Hall and at the Opera House, sits at tables, sips Coca-Colas or headier drinks, sings with the actors, hisses the opposition, and has a fine time.

Material for this season's sketches is uniformly good, ranging from cheery tidbits like a song called "The Chamberlain Crawl," to a devastating piece of business, the best on the program, on the Jewish pogrom. Philip Loeb is gay, entertaining, and very witty as master of ceremonies and Hiram Sherman, Joey Faye, Sally Ellis, and Will Geer all get cheers from the audience. RUTH MCKENNEY.

Shaw's First Movie

MUCH of Bernard Shaw's distaste for the shadowplay has been predicated on the ubiquitous presence of the love angle; he has enjoyed depressing various Hollywood deputations to Ayot St. Lawrence with the news that he would never allow the simpering camera near his brain children. He has more than once appeared personally in short films but the permission for these came from Shaw the publicity man, not the playwright. Now he has allowed Gabriel Pascal to make a picture of *Pygmalion*—perhaps a whim of his third childhood but a generous if belated deference to the movies, nonetheless. Not only did he throw himself into the task of adapting his play to the screen and assisting in its direction, but he has enjoined the distributors

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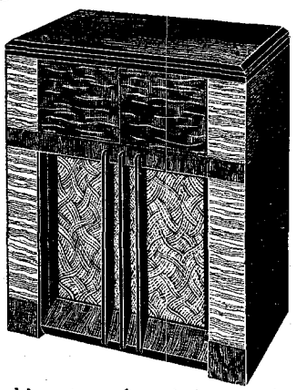

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against falsifying it in advertising by applying the routine adjectives that Hollywood thinks make prestige pictures acceptable to the public. This last condition is already exasperating provincial showmen. They write to MGM: "Do I have to take this animal picture, *Pygmalion?* How's chances of switching in a Western?"

Pygmalion is a gay Shaw, a comedy of manners. He wisely designated it as the most appropriate of his plays to venture before movie audiences. After it, Pascal has permission to produce sterner stuff, beginning with *Caesar and Cleopatra,* then, perhaps, *Arms and the Man.* In the meantime this new screen writer has begun modestly and triumphantly with a picture that was made as cheaply as the ordinary Western. *Pygmalion* is marvelous entertainment, well acted, vigorously directed, and another indication that the pubescent bourgeois movie may be changing its voice.

But write his own ticket as only G.B.S. can, the fact remains that *Pygmalion,* a didactic exercise in Shavian morality, has become a heart-throbbing romance in the movies. You can't break habits of such long standing as the cinema's obsession with love between man and maid by the mere wish to de-emphasize it. No, if there is one woman in the *dramatis personæ,* the audience waits fervidly to see her get her man. When that woman is the imaginative and unconventionally beautiful Wendy Hiller, Shaw's Eliza Doolittle is our vicarious paramour rather than a mouthpiece of his ideas. When the man is Leslie Howard, Professor 'Iggins becomes a matinee idol.

Of course, Shaw has not pruned his own play; all of its wit and paradox remain, with several excellent new scenes written for the screen. Eliza Doolittle's transformation by the phonetics expert, Professor Higgins, from a Covent Garden flower girl whose code is a dreadful caricature of bourgeois morality, into a great lady who is taken for the offchild of a duke, gives Shaw cause for his choicest ironies. Miss Hiller as Eliza carries off the transition from Cockney to King's English with the confidence of great talent. We can be sure she is an actress after seeing both poles of her transformation and the stages between. She is two women outwardly and, as Shaw means it, always the symbolical Woman who is Professor Higgins' undoing. Leslie Howard, who directed with Anthony Asquith, acts the scientific Pygmalion with craft and cunning. Despite his obvious acting ability I consider him hollow; he is too busy *seeming* something to *be* something. He is the perfect Shavian accomplice: Shaw performs so brilliantly that we forget he doesn't mean it.

At eighty-two, his fiftieth play and his first movie are here to amuse and instruct the English-speaking world. It is too late for his movie to rout the prevailing mannerism of the film because this *Pygmalion* fits into movie *mores* without being forced out of shape. The monster "whose colossal proportions make mediocrity compulsory" (G.B.S.) has swallowed another victim. JAMES DUGAN.

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